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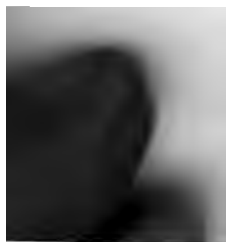
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**THE BEQUEST OF**

**ISAAC MYER**

**RECEIVED FEBRUARY 1904**

1871  
Chas. H. Smith







THE  
HYMNS  
OF  
THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH

NOW FIRST COLLECTED, TRANSLATED,  
AND ARRANGED,

BY

*John*  
THE REV. J. CHANDLER,

FELLOW OF CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, OXFORD,  
AND CURATE OF WITLEY.

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## P R E F A C E.

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ON putting forth these Hymns to the world, I find a few words are necessary to explain the nature of the compilation, and the views I had in forming it. Some time ago, feeling the want of a collection of Christian Hymns, as an accompaniment to (not a substitute for) the Psalms of David in the Service of the Church, I looked around to those already published, to select one from among them, thinking that of course there could not possibly be any occasion to add another to the already too numerous list of Hymn-compilers. But in the first place, there was the difficulty of fixing a choice amidst the immense multitude of rival collections, each claiming the preference, there being almost as many different hymn-books as there are churches wherein a reformation of Psalmody has been effected. And then there was the recollection that, from first to last, they are all of them unauthorized; neither are they sanctioned by proper Episcopal authority, nor is their introduction into our churches legalized by statute or order in council, so that a collection allowed by one diocesan might be forbidden by another; and if a clergyman attempted to introduce

any one of them into his church, contrary to the prejudices of his choir, not only would the law not support him, but would positively decide against him. Moreover, thirdly, the actual contents of these hymn-books are anything but satisfactory; not that they do not all of them contain a certain number of, in themselves, very beautiful hymns, but even of these many are quite unfit for public use; many are from sources, to which our Primitive Apostolic church would not choose to be indebted; many have been subjected to such rude alterations, that their original authors would hardly know them again; while they are generally mixed up with a great deal that is objectionable in taste, doctrine, and expression: they speak no certain language, they contain no defined system of religious feeling;—in a word, they are not, for purposes of praise, what our Liturgy is for purposes of devotion. The fact is, there is not, what there surely ought to be, in our establishment—a standard book of Christian Hymns, set forth by the spiritual authorities of our Church, and recognised by the temporal government of the State; and it certainly seems incongruous, that whereas the doctrines of our Church are fixed by her articles, and our devotional spirit regulated by our Liturgy, and possessing, as we do, in our homilies, an outline for our preaching, we

should be left entirely to our own private judgment and discretion to provide that whereon so much depends, in the way of rousing the religious feelings, and fixing the religious impressions of our congregations, and any mismanagement in which must be productive of such evil consequences. Moreover, not only does mischief arise from the want of a fixed standard of hymns, but uniformity also, in this part of our service, is thereby put entirely out of the question.

It surely adds to the effect produced by our Liturgy on the hearts of those who use it, to be able to think that so many thousands of congregations are simultaneously lifting up their united voices to God in the same form of supplication, the same language of penitence, the same expression of grateful confidence in God's mercy through Christ. Would not this effect be heightened—would not these holy feelings be improved—would not the communion of worshipping saints on earth be drawn more closely together, and more assimilated to the assembly of adoring saints in heaven, if they could all sing in concert, as well as pray together,—if we could be sure that the self-same hymn of praise also was continually ascending up to heaven at the same time from those same thousand congregations, in anticipation of that glorious unison in

which hereafter we hope to join in singing "the new song about the throne of God?" But the present state of our Psalmody rather destroys than heightens this effect,—rather reminds us of present discords, than prepares us for future unity rather tends to isolation, division, and weakness than to unity, compactness, and strength. It may be said, in answer to this, that we have the Psalms of David, translated into English verse by Tate and Brady. But, in the first place, it would not be difficult to show that their version has not a single good point to render it worthy of the monopoly which has so long enjoyed; and, in the second place, even if it were as faithful, simple, and interesting, as the present is too confessedly unfaithful, vulgar, and uninteresting, yet of itself the Psalter alone would be as insufficient for the purposes of Christian praise as the Old Testament would be for Christian instruction without the New. To discard the Psalter as some have done, is one extreme—to use it exclusively is the other—to alternate the Psalm with the Hymn, the song of Moses and the song of the Lamb, is the medium to which we would wish to attain. So long, then, as so legitimate a want as that of a body of Christian Hymns is not regularly supplied, it is sure to supply itself, as it has in fact done, irregularly and inadequately.

It appears, moreover, that these same opinions very generally prevail—all seem to agree that the present state of things is bad, and loudly calls for some effectual remedy—all seem to allow that the hymn-books which are at present in vogue are only for the present exigency, as just better than nothing, and that of course no one ought to think, and very few people *would* think, of keeping on with them, if a proper hymn-book was put forth by proper authority, by the rulers of the Church. But meanwhile all seem to be aware of the difficulties that lie in the way, and none seem exactly to know how they are to be got over, or what is to be done. It has long struck me, indeed, that as our Liturgy is compiled, in a great measure, from ancient materials, so, if there were any ancient hymns still extant, of the same date and character with the prayers, they would be most suitable for our purpose; for they would, from their antiquity, carry more weight with them than any modern ones could do, and the precedence they claimed would more readily be granted to them; if, then, there could be a foundation laid, and the general mass of the work constructed out of these ancient materials, then the best of the modern ones might be very advantageously brought in to finish it off, and this would be in accordance with what was done in

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the case of the Liturgy, where some of the prayers and collects are ancient, and some modern, but the additions, and insertions, and restorations, are so carefully contrived, that the whole is blended together in the most perfect harmony. I was not aware, however, till very lately, of there being any such ancient hymns extant: it certainly seemed most likely that if there had been any genuine primitive ones good for anything, they would have been brought into notice long since, and therefore I concluded that there was nothing in that way superior to those rhyming jingling hymns which are found in the Popish missals, as barbarous in their latinity, as defective in their doctrine. But my attention was a short time ago directed to some translations which have appeared, from time to time, in the "British Magazine," very beautifully executed, of some hymns extracted from the Parisian Breviary, with the originals annexed. Some, indeed, of the Sapphic and Alcaic and other Horatian metres, seem to be of little value, but the rest, of the peculiar hymn metre, *Dimeter Iambics*, appear ancient, simple, striking, and devotional—in a word, in every way likely to answer our purpose. So I got a copy of the Parisian Breviary, and one or two other old books of Latin Hymns, especially one compiled by Georgius Cassander,

printed at Cologne, in the year 1556, and regularly applied myself to the work of selection and translation. The result is the collection I now lay before the public. It will be observed that I have admitted no hymns but what appear to be expressly wanted for the purposes of our Church; my aim in translating them has been to be as simple as possible, thinking it better to be, of the two, rather bald and prosaic than fine and obscure. I have ventured to take the greatest part of the 2nd Hymn from the translation in the "British Magazine," which, notwithstanding the alterations I have made in it, still shines forth as the work of an evidently superior hand: for all the rest I am answerable. With respect to the originals, they bear decided marks of very remote antiquity; some may have been very much altered: some, perhaps, entirely reconstructed, but still as several of them are known to be the work of St. Ambrose and St. Gregory, and other Primitive Fathers, and as all the rest bear internal evidence of being about the same age, they may well deserve the name affixed to them of "The Hymns of the Primitive Church." To them are added all the hymns which, from the beginning of the Reformation to the present day, have been inserted into our prayer-books; these are few, but mostly well



worth preserving. Thus are set forth in one view the Hymns, ancient and modern, which are the peculiar property of the Church of Christ—those which she had before the Papal Apostasy, and those which have been added to her collection since—the Hymns for the Divisions of the Day, the Hymns for the Seasons of the Church, the Hymns for Particular Occasions. Here is a nucleus which, in proper hands, may be added to, and amended in such a way from more modern sources, as to form a Hymn-Book in every respect worthy of our Church. It will not, I trust, be displeasing or unedifying to her members to see a Morning Hymn by a Bishop of Milan\* of the fourth century joined to one on the same subject by a Bishop of Salisbury† of the seventeenth. Perhaps, if the authorities of our Church carry on the design, we may see next to them a hymn by a Bishop of Calcutta of the nineteenth. For it should be remembered, that it was a particular wish of Bishop Heber, that there should be a Hymn-book for our Church, and all his Hymns were written with the view of forming one. Most happy, indeed, shall I be, if the present compilation can contribute, in the smallest degree, towards the accomplishment of so desirable a work.

\* St. Ambrose.

† Bishop Ken.

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1. Die, dierum princeps . . . . .
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4. Oh Fons Amoris, Spiritus . . . . .
5. Nunc sancte nobis Spiritus . . . . .
6. Jam solis excelsum Jubar . . . . .
7. Rector potens, verax Deus . . . . .
8. Labente jam solis rotâ . . . . .
9. Rerum Deus tenax vigor . . . . .
10. Oh ! luce qui mortalibus . . . . .
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96. Christe, qui sedes Olympo . . . . .	1
97. Sponsa Christi, quæ per orbem . . . .	1
98. Jesu, Sacerdotum Decus . . . . .	1
99. Summi pusillus grex Patris . . . . .	1
100. Non parta solo sanguine . . . . .	2
101. Qui te, Deus, sub intimo . . . . .	2
102. Oh Virgo, pectus cui sacrum . . . .	2
103. Ardet Deo quæ foemina . . . . .	2
104. Oh jam beata, quæ suo . . . . .	2
105. Urbs Jerusalem beata . . . . .	2
106. Angularis fundamentum . . . . .	2
107. Dies iræ, dies illa . . . . .	2
108. Te Deum Patrem colimus . . . . .	2



# HYMNS

OF

## THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH

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HYMNS FOR THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

---

SUNDAY.

NOCTURN.

(*Die, dierum principe.* No. 1.)

THE first of days the light beheld  
Forth bursting from the gloom—  
And Christ, our true eternal Light,  
Arising from the tomb.

Creation thus, and dreadful death,  
Obeyed the voice of Heaven:  
Then let not ransomed man despise  
The summons God hath given.

While yet in darkness nature lies,  
Let us, the sons of light,  
With hymns of holy praise dispel  
The silence of the night.

Lord, may thy Gospel to our souls  
Fresh energy impart,  
So shall our new and holy lives  
Evince a new-born heart.



Oh! may no sin our hands defile,  
 Or cause our minds to rove:  
 Upon our lips be simple truth  
 And in our hearts be love.  
 Throughout the day, oh! Christ, in Thee  
 May ready help be found,  
 To save our souls from Satan's wiles,  
 Who still keeps hovering round.  
 Subservient to thy daily praise  
 Our daily toil shall be:  
 So may our works, in thee begun,  
 Be further'd, Lord, by thee.  
 And lest the flesh, profanely proud,  
 Subdue the yielding soul,  
 May self-constraining temperance  
 That carnal pride control.  
 To God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Holy Ghost,  
 Eternal glory be from man,  
 And from the angel host.

---

THIRD HOUR, or 9 A. M.

(*Oh, fons amoris, Spiritus.* No. 4.)

Oh Holy Spirit, Lord of grace,  
 Eternal source of love,  
 Inflame, we pray, our inmost hearts,  
 With fire from Heaven above.

As thou dost join with holiest bonds  
The Father and the Son,  
So fill thy saints with mutual love,  
And link their hearts in one.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Holy Ghost,  
Eternal glory be from man,  
And from the angel-host.

---

## OR THIS.

(*Nunc sancte nobis Spiritus.* No. 5. St. Ambrose.)

BLEST Spirit, one with God above,  
Thou source of life and holy love,  
Oh, cheer us with thy sacred beams,  
Refresh us with thy plenteous streams.

Oh, may our lips confess thy name,  
Our holy lives thy power proclaim :  
With love divine our hearts inspire,  
And fill us with thy holy fire.

Oh Holy Father, Holy Son,  
And Holy Spirit, three in one,  
Thy grace devoutly we implore ;  
Thy name be praised for evermore.

---

## SIXTH HOUR, or 12.

(*Jam Solis excelsum Jubar.* No. 6.)

AND now the sun's meridian beams  
Their brightest rays unfold,  
And fill the air, on every side,  
With darts of glitt'ring gold.

Oh Christ, thou Sun of righteousness,  
Far brighter beams are thine;  
Oh may our souls their influence feel,  
Those rays of love divine.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Holy Ghost,  
All glory be from saints on earth,  
And from the angel-host.

---

## OR THIS.

(*Rector potens, verax Deus.* No. 7.)

OH God of truth, Almighty Lord,  
Thou rulest all things by thy word,  
Thy sunbeams deck the rising morn,  
Thy rays the sultry noon adorn.

Extinguish, Lord, th' unhallow'd fire  
Of sinful strife, of vain desire:  
Oh bid our pains, our sorrows cease,  
And fill our hearts with holy peace.

Oh Holy Father, Holy Son,  
And Holy Spirit, three in one,  
Thy grace devoutly we implore,  
Thy name be praised for evermore.

---

NINTH HOUR, or 3 IN THE AFTERNOON.

(*Labente jam solis rotâ.* No. 8.)

AND now the sun's declining rays  
Towards the eve descend ;  
E'en so our years are sinking down  
To their appointed end.

Lord, on the cross thine arms were stretched,  
To draw us to the sky :  
Oh grant us then that cross to love,  
And in those arms to die.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Holy Ghost,  
All glory be from saints on earth,  
And from the angel-host.

---

OR THIS.

*Rerum Deus tenax vigor.* No. 9. St. Ambrose.)

ALMIGHTY God, thy throne above  
No time can change, no power can move :  
Thy word the fleeting hours obey,  
They speed the night, they close the day.

Oh cheer the evening of our days  
With that bright beam which ne'er deca;  
And make a happy death the road  
To bring our ransom'd souls to God.

Oh Holy Father, Holy Son,  
And Holy Spirit, three in one,  
Thy grace devoutly we implore,  
Thy name be praised for evermore.

---

EVENSONG, OR VESPERS.

(*Oh luce qui mortalibus.* No. 10.)

Oh Thou, whose throne is hid from men  
By more than earthly rays,  
Before whose face e'en seraphs shrink,  
And tremble as they gaze;

Here we thy people sit forlorn,  
In darkness doom'd to dwell,  
But soon thy bright eternal day  
That darkness shall dispel.

This day thou hast in store for us,  
This day so fair and bright;  
How faint the mid-day sun compared  
With its celestial light.

But ah! too long thou lingerest,  
Thou long-expected day:  
For why! this body's toilsome load  
Must first be cast away.

But when my soul hath ta'en her flight,  
From earthly bonds set free,  
To see thee, love thee, praise thy name,  
Her endless task shall be.

Oh may we so, blest Three in One,  
Thy present light improve,  
That we hereafter may enjoy  
Thy glorious beams above.

---

OR THIS.

(*Lucis creator optime.* No. 11. St. Gregory.)

SOURCE of light and life divine,  
Thou did'st cause the light to shine;  
Thou did'st bring thy sunbeams forth  
O'er thy new-created earth.

Shade of night, and morning ray,  
Took from Thee the name of day;  
Now again the shades are nigh,  
Listen to our mournful cry.

May we ne'er, by guilt deprest,  
Lose the way to endless rest;  
May no thoughts impure and vain  
Draw our souls to earth again.

Rather lift them to the skies,  
Where our much-loved treasure lies;  
Help us in our daily strife,  
Make us struggle into life.

Holy Father, Holy Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
Praise and glory be to Thee  
Now and for eternity.

---

## COMPLINE.

FOR THE SEASON OF ADVENT.

*(In noctis umbrâ desides. No. 12.)*

WHILE we our weary eyelids close,  
And stretch our limbs in soft repose,  
The waking soul to God may rise,  
And lift to him its faithful sighs.

Desire of nations, Lord of grace,  
Redeemer of a sinful race,  
In pity hearken to the groan  
Of those whom sin hath overthrown !

Come, Jesu, come ! our sins forgive,  
And let thy ransomed people live !  
Oh, if in Adam all must die,  
In Thee we claim the victory.

To God the Son, who came from heaven  
To save mankind, all praise be given :  
And God the Father we adore,  
And Holy Ghost, for evermore.

Amen.

## FOR CHRISTMAS

(*Mundi salus qui nasceris.* No. 13.)

OH holy Babe, our prayer receive,  
For thou wast born that we might live ;  
May we, like thee, be meek and mild,  
In spirit like a little child.

When gentle sleep relieves awhile  
Our bodies spent with daily toil,  
May no alarms disturb our rest,  
No prowling wolves thy sheep molest.

The Father's name we loudly raise,  
The Son, the Virgin-born, we praise ;  
The Holy Ghost, we all adore ;  
One God, both now and evermore.

---

FOR THE SEASON OF THE PRESENTATION OF  
CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

(*Grates peracto jam die.* No. 14.)

AND now the day is past and gone,  
We sing, oh God, thy praise,  
And while the night is hasting on,  
Our humble prayer we raise.

The sin that we have done this day  
Oh, teach us to deplore,  
And drive the tempter far away,  
That we may sin no more.



That cruel lion prowls around,  
To kill and to devour,  
Beneath thy wings may help be found  
To save us from his power.

When shall that day arise, oh God,  
Which ne'er shall set in gloom ;  
When shall we reach that blest abode,  
Where danger cannot come ?

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Holy Ghost,  
All glory be from saints on earth,  
And from the angel-host.

---

## FOR LENT.

*(Oh Splendor æterni Patris. No. 15.)*

THOU Brightness of thy Father's face,  
Thou Sun of heavenly day,  
Thou Christ, whose gracious beams remo  
The soul's dark shades away.

The sun is sunk ; the shadowy night  
Is reigning in his room ;  
Continue, Lord, thy saving help,  
And keep us through the gloom.

What though our eyes be sunk in sleep,  
To thee our hearts ascend :  
Do thou, with thine Almighty hand,  
Thy loving saints defend.

What though, by earthly woes oppressed,  
The body wearied lies,  
Yet may our spirit freely wing  
Its passage to the skies.

Oh thou, who art our only hope,  
Thy help we humbly crave,  
Defend thy blood-bought people, Lord,  
Whom Jesus died to save.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Holy Ghost,  
All glory be from saints on earth,  
And from the angel-host.

---

FOR EASTER.

(*Jesu, redemptor seculi.* No. 16.)

Oh Thou, who wast for sinners slain,  
And the third day didst rise again,  
No more to suffer or to die,  
And captive led'st captivity :

While night surrounds us, dark and deep,  
And we our eyelids close in sleep,  
Do thou thy shield around us throw,  
To save us from our crafty foe.

Thy gentle sleep consigns to rest  
The weary limbs and care-worn breast ;  
May we such sweet repose partake,  
But keep, oh keep, our souls awake.

With thee to die, oh Christ, is gain :  
With thee we wish to rise again :  
For thee, things earthly to despise,  
And fix our treasure in the skies.

Now to the Father and the Son,  
Who victory o'er the grave hath won,  
And to the Holy Ghost, be given  
All praise on earth, all praise in heaven.  
Amen.

---

MONDAY.

NOCTURN.

(*Dei canamus gloriam.* No. 17.)

COME let us praise the name of God  
Who spread the lofty skies ;  
And to the firmament above  
Uplift our wond'ring eyes.

Slow floating in the blue expanse  
The watery clouds we view ;  
Whence fruitful showers, at God's command,  
The thirsty soil bedew.

How fair a type of God's free grace  
Which to our souls is given :  
It drops into the inner man  
Like gentle dews from heaven

And as the faithful heart receives  
The sanctifying shower,  
In rapture sweet 'tis raised aloft  
By God's Almighty power.

Oh happy saints, on whom are poured  
Such blessings from above :  
Oh, may they show a thankful heart,  
And render love for love.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Holy Ghost,  
All glory be from saints on earth,  
And from the angel-host.

---


## MATINS.

(*Nil laudibus nostris eges.* No. 18.)

OUR praises, Lord, thou dost not need,  
But we thy children are, -  
And thou art pleased thy grace to yield  
To long persisting prayer.

Thy dark decrees are like the night,  
When silence reigns around :  
Thy love is like the beauteous morn,  
With glowing sunbeams crowned.

Thy wonders, Lord, oppress the mind,  
And make the tongue to cease,  
But love still burns within the heart,  
And will not hold its peace.



Oh let it then break forth to thee,  
Our Father and our Lord,  
Our only consolation now,  
Our future great reward.

Yes, thither tend our eager hearts,  
Though weak the flesh may be ;  
Oh Jesu, be thyself our guide,  
And draw our souls to thee.

Amen.

---

EVENSONG.

(*Jactamur heu quot fluctibus.* No. 19.)

WHEN storms and tempests o'er us roll,  
Our hope is in the skies ;  
To thee, oh God, our anxious soul  
And earnest prayers arise.

Thou, Father, dost thine aid afford,  
Before the prayer is made,  
In all our weakness, gracious Lord,  
Thy strength is full display'd.

The sufferings that our souls oppress,  
Thy mightier hand shall cure,  
And thine avenging arm redress  
The wrongs we now endure.

Oh, then, what full success shall smile  
On all our labours past !  
Who would not gladly weep awhile  
To reap such joys at last !

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One mighty God of Heaven,  
All glory by the angel host,  
And saints on earth, be given.

---

## TUESDAY.

## NOCTURN.

(*Jubes, et in præceps aquis.* No. 20.)

HE speaks the word ; the floods obey,  
And sink into their bed :  
Emerging from her liquid veil,  
Earth shows her new-born head.

This to His children, for their home,  
The Father hath assigned ;  
One common earth contains them all,  
One common love should bind.

We've no abiding city here,  
But there's a home above,  
For those who live as sons of God,  
In peace and holy love.

But they whose dark deceitful arts  
Their fellow-men molest,  
They shall not of thy love partake,  
Nor come unto thy rest.

But, Lord, our hearts with holy peace,  
And love, and concord, join;  
These are the fruits that certify  
That we are truly thine.

Eternal glory be ascribed  
To God, who reigns above,  
By whom is sent into our souls  
The grace of holy love.

---

## MATINS.

(*Te principem summo, Deus. No. 21.*)

OH! 'tis our duty, first of all,  
To love the Lord most high:  
And next we learn to keep the law  
Of holy charity.

O Lord, our fellowship regard,  
In thy great name begun;  
In number though we many be,  
Yet all our hearts are one.

And faith is ours, and truth sincere,  
And peace, and holy joy;  
Oh, then, may no unholy strife,  
This sacred love destroy!

But teach us, Lord, more strictly still,  
This holy rule to keep:  
With saints rejoicing to rejoice;  
With weeping saints to weep.

Triune Jehovah ! to thy name  
Be endless glory given,  
Who fashionest, with holy love,  
The hearts of thine for heaven.

---

## EVENSONG.

(*O quàm juvat fratres, Deus.* No. 22.)

O LORD, how joyful 'tis to see  
The brethren join in love to thee :  
On thee alone their heart relies,  
Their only strength thy grace supplies.

How sweet within thy holy place  
With one accord to sing thy grace,  
Besieging thine attentive ear  
With all the force of fervent prayer.

Oh, may we love the house of God,  
Of peace and joy the blest abode !  
Oh, may no angry strife destroy  
That sacred peace, that holy joy !

The world without may rage, but we  
Will only cling more close to Thee,  
With hearts to Thee more wholly given,  
More weaned from earth, more fixed on Heaven.

Lord, shower upon us from above  
The sacred gift of mutual love :  
Each other's wants may we supply,  
And reign together in the sky.



## WEDNESDAY.

## NOCTURN.

(*Miramur, O Deus, tuæ.* No. 23.)

THE wonders of th' Almighty hand  
Devoutly we admire,  
Inscribed upon the vault above  
In characters of fire.

The sun is ruler of the day,  
The moon controls the night ;  
The starry hosts adorn the sky  
With varied streams of light.

This ruler of the day must set,  
And hide his dazzling rays,  
The moon and starry hosts observe  
Their own appointed days.

Thus still revolves each orb of light,  
Now hidden, now displayed :  
Thou, Lord, for ever art the same ;  
Thy mercy knows no shade.

Oh ! fear not, doubt not, that our God  
Hath all a father's care ;  
With joy to heaven your hearts uplift,  
For endless joys are there.

All glory to the Three in One,  
The God of joy and peace,  
Who comforts those who trust to Him,  
And bids their sorrows cease.

## MATINS.

(*Promittis, et servas datam.* No. 24.)

A FAITHFUL promise thou hast made,  
And thou wilt keep the same :  
This promise, Lord, at early morn  
In earnest prayer we claim.

Man, faithless man, the promise breaks  
His guileful lips have made ;  
Like broken reeds, which pierce the hand  
That trusts their treach'rous aid.

Blessed, then, are they who can repose  
Entirely on thy breast ;  
No tempest-shock shall e'er prevail  
To shake them from their rest.

For thou hast sworn a sacred oath,  
On which our hearts rely,  
And look beyond these mean abodes,  
To dwellings in the sky.

Yes, hope already claims her seat  
Beside th' eternal throne,  
Tastes all the streams of Paradise,  
And counts them for her own.

O ever-blessed Trinity,  
Thou source of endless grace,  
The hope of glory through thy love  
May we with joy embrace !

---

## EVENSONG.

(*Horres superbos, nec tuam.* No. 25)

O God, the hateful pride of man  
Shall not usurp thy praise :  
Yet arrogance too oft presumes  
Her shameless front to raise.

Too oft, through man's ingratitude,  
Thy blessings cease to flow ;  
And thus, upon the withered heart,  
No fruits of love can grow.

But we, like faithful servants, bent  
To know their Master's will,  
Will never turn our eyes away  
From thy celestial hill.

And, oh ! if thou delay to send  
The long-expected aid,  
Yet hope remains, an anchor strong,  
On which our souls are stayed.

The Father, and the eternal Son,  
Our praises shall employ ;  
Who sends the Holy Ghost to be  
A pledge of future joy.

---

## THURSDAY.

## NOCTURN.

(*Isdem creati fluctibus.* No. 26.)

THE deep a two-fold offspring bore,  
Men's bodies to maintain ;  
The birds, that skim the liquid air,  
The fish, that cleave the main.

But God provides far other food  
Th' immortal soul to feed :  
It lives by faith, on all the words  
That from His mouth proceed :

Faith, resting on the blood of Christ,  
Still holds its conquering way,  
Till sinners, through the vanquished world,  
Its mighty power obey.

By faith the saints of old were taught  
The lion's wrath to tame ;  
A tyrant's threatenings to despise,  
And quench the raging flame.

And, oh ! may we by faith discern  
The way that leads to God,  
And pluck the holy fruits of love  
That meet us on our road.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Holy Ghost,  
All glory be from saints on earth,  
And from the angel-host.

## MATINS.

(*Dignas quis O Deus tibi.* No. 27.)

OH, how can worthy praises, Lord,  
To Thee by man be given !  
From whom alone true light proceeds,  
To show the way to heaven.

The faith we need to serve thee well,  
Thou dost thyself supply,  
That faith which sanctifies the heart,  
And lifts the soul on high.

No pompous rites can e'er atone  
For want of grace within :  
The secret prayer, the lowly sigh,  
Thy favour best can win.

For then the heart and lips can join,  
To yield thy meed of praise :  
And with a free and cheerful voice,  
Salvation's song can raise.

O Thou, who dost the proud abhor,  
And humble souls approve,  
That we in holy faith may grow,  
Our sinful pride remove.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Our praises shall ascend,  
For on the blood of Christ, alone,  
Our faithful hearts depend.

## EVENSONG.

(*O fortis, O clemens Deus.* No. 28.)

OH, God of our salvation, Lord,  
Of wond'rous power and love,  
May faith, salvation's holy seed,  
Be sent us from above!

'Tis faith that gives us strength to fight,  
That we our foes may quell ;  
And with the shield of faith we quench  
The fiery darts of hell.

By faith we make our prayers to Thee,  
In that most holy Name,  
On which, for mercy and for peace,  
Hope rests her stedfast claim.

For that Name's sake assist us, Lord,  
To run our heavenward race ;  
And, oh! may no unholy life,  
Our holy faith disgrace.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Be praise and glory given ;  
Who pour into the hearts of men  
True light and heat from heaven.

---

## FRIDAY.

## NOCTURN.

(*Jam sanctius moves opus.* No. 29.)

AND now, O God, thy mind resolves,  
A holier work to frame ;  
A ruler for thy new-made world,  
A herald of thy name.

And man is made : to favoured dust  
The breath of life is given ;  
The likeness of a holy God,  
The lineaments of heaven.

The wide expanse of earth must own  
His delegated sway,  
To God alone, his rightful Lord,  
Due homage he must pay.

Alas for man ! corrupt, depraved,  
The yoke he will not wear :  
Vile dust presumes with God above  
A rival front to rear.

And, oh ! from hence what wretchedness  
The world hath overspread ;  
If Jesus had not succoured us,  
E'en hope itself were dead.

Oh ! praise the Father, and the Son,  
Who saved us by his death,  
And Holy Ghost, who quickens us  
By his celestial breath.

## MATINS.

(*Utricibus nos undique.* No. 30.)

WHILE thine avenging arrows, Lord,  
Encompass us around,  
What hand but that which caused the smart  
Can cure the deadly wound?


Depart, vain world, for how can'st thou  
Relieve the festering sore?  
Thy comfort is but vanity,  
And irritates it more.

We tremble, Lord, beneath thy rod,  
But we do not despair;  
We see the good Physician's hand  
In all he bids us bear.

But oh! so fierce the contest burns,  
Good Lord, no more delay;  
Oh! yield not to their deadly foes  
Thy people for a prey.

Our prayer is heard: our foes depart;  
And we once more take breath:  
Thy death, O Christ, relieves the soul  
From all its fears of death.

All praise and glory be ascribed  
To God, who reigns above;  
Who scourges those whom He receives,  
And chastens them in love.





## EVENSONG.

(*Lugete, pacis angeli.* No. 31.)

LAMENT, ye saints, behold your God  
Your sinful likeness wears ;  
Behold, upon the accursed tree,  
Your sins the Saviour bears.


Oh, Christ, with wondering minds we see  
What mighty love was thine !  
Did God consent to suffer thus,  
And, oh ! shall man repine ?

No, Saviour, no ! the power of death  
Thy cross hath overcome ;  
To save us, not from earthly woe,  
But from th' eternal doom :

The flesh may shrink, but we submit,  
Whate'er our cross may be :  
So thou by grace enable us  
To bear it after Thee.

Thy stripes have healed us, and thy blood  
Our guilty stains effaced ;  
Then may thy name by sins of ours  
Be never more disgraced.

Praise God, who gave his only Son  
To be for sinners slain,  
And Holy Spirit, by whose breath  
Our souls are raised again.



## SATURDAY.

## NOCTURN.

(*Tandem peractis, O Deus.* No. 32.)

At length creation's days are past,  
The universe is made;  
And Thou, O God, thy handywork  
With pleasure hast surveyed;

But while thou hallowest the day,  
A day of rest to be,  
Behold a new creating work,  
Still calling, Lord, for Thee.

See! all thy works their homage bring,  
The earth, the sea, the sky:  
Man, sinful man, alone declines  
To join the harmony.

Create, oh! Lord, our hearts anew,  
Our hearts of stone remove;  
And we shall then the concert join,  
With new-born fruits of love.

Oh, only may our lives agree,  
With these our notes of praise,  
And then what all-prevailing prayers  
Our fervent hearts shall raise!

All praise to God, who strong in might  
And endless glory reigns,  
Who with a word hath made the world,  
And with a word maintains.

## MATINE.

(*Rerum creator omnium.* No. 33.)

CREATOR of mankind,  
Thy promised help we claim,  
That so our life Thou may'st not find  
Unworthy of our name.

If Thou thy grace deny,  
We cannot rightly strive;  
In Thee alone to sin we die,  
In Thee alone we live.

Our goings, Lord, uphold,  
Till this dark vale be passed;  
Till in thy fear for ever bold,  
We reach thy rest at last.

Oh, happy, peaceful rest,  
Prepared for saints above!  
Where they with all thy joys are blessed  
And drink thy streams of love.

Oh, Trinity divine,  
To Thee our hearts we raise :  
May we thy ransomed people join,  
And share their songs of praise!

---

## EVENSING.

(*Supreme motor cardium.* No. 34.)

SUPREME disposer of the heart,  
Thou, since the world began,  
With heavenly grace hast sanctified  
And cheered the heart of man.

Here faith, and hope, and love, unite  
To lift the soul above ;  
But love alone for aye abides,  
Eternal, changeless love !

Oh, holy love ! unfading light !  
Oh, shall it ever be,  
That after all our sorrows here,  
Thy Sabbath we shall see ?

Here, yet awhile, with many a tear  
The precious seed we sow :  
There treasured lie the promised fruits,  
The harvest of our woe.

Triune Jehovah ! God of might !  
Thy present gifts increase ;  
And crown them, in the world to come,  
With endless joy and peace.

---

MORNING HYMN, by St. Ambrose.

(*Splendor paternæ gloriæ.* No. 35.)

O JESU, Lord of heavenly grace,  
Thou brightness of Thy Father's face,  
Thou fountain of eternal light,  
Whose beams disperse the shades of night

Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,  
Shower down thy radiance from above ;  
And to our inward hearts convey  
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

And we the Father's help will claim,  
And sing the Father's glorious name ;  
His powerful succour we implore,  
That we may stand, to fall no more.

May He our actions deign to bless,  
And loose the bonds of wickedness ;  
From sudden falls our feet defend,  
And bring us to a prosperous end.

May faith, deep rooted in the soul,  
Subdue our flesh, our minds control :  
May guile depart, and discord cease,  
And all within be joy and peace.

And Christ shall be our daily food,  
Our daily drink his precious blood ;  
And thus the Spirit's calm excess  
Shall fill our souls with holiness.

Oh, hallowed be the approaching day!  
Let meekness be our morning ray :  
And faithful love our noon-day light ;  
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.  
O Christ, with each returning morn,  
Thine image to our hearts is borne ;  
Oh! may we ever clearly see  
Our Saviour and our God in Thee.

---

## MORNING HYMN.

BY BISHOP KEN.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run :  
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy mispent moments past,  
And live this day as if the last ;  
Thy talents to improve take care,  
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,  
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear,  
For God's all-seeing eye surveys,  
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long unwearied sing,  
High glory to the Eternal King.

I may add, at a time when men's minds revert with more uniform frequency to their religious exercises than appears to be the case at present.

The Nocturn, or night service, was intended, not merely for the secret meditation of the individual Christian, "if in the night he sleepless lay," but for the benefit of all those who might be disposed to meet together, even at that unseasonable hour, for the purpose of worshipping God.

"Matins," and "Lauds," seem to be convertible terms; they began at the cock-crowing, or as I may also call it, the "bird-singing," at that time when, in summer, it is broad daylight, but before the sun has risen, and which is the time of all others when the birds seem most earnestly engaged in their laud or song of praise to their great Creator.

Ad Primam, or by 6 A.M., the sun is supposed to have risen, and the labours of the day to be regularly commencing; the hymn accordingly contains petitions for assistance, guidance, and protection through the course of it.

Ad Tertiam, or 9 A.M., is invariably a hymn to the Holy Spirit, as being the hour in which, on the day of Pentecost, He came down on the Apostles. This seems to have been observed from the earliest times; most likely the "Veni Creator" of St. Ambrose, was merely a new hymn written by him on a subject already familiar to the Church from the Apostles downwards.

Ad Sextam, was 12 o'clock, or mid-day; :

is made to the Sun of Righteousness, to whose beams all true worshippers desire to lay open their hearts.

Ad Nonam was 3 P.M.; allusion is made to its being the time when our Lord expired on the cross. Our word noon is derived from hence; it seems the three hours of which each division of the day consisted, received their name from the service they preceded. Thus the three hours before "Ad Nonam," were called the "Ad Nonam" time, or noon-tide. Thus the beginning of noon-tide was immediately after the "Ad Sextam" was over, or just over 12 o'clock. Hence 12 o'clock came to be called noon, or the beginning of "noon-tide," the Ad Nonam service was not till 3 P. M.

Vespers, or Evensong, was about the going down of the sun, and the close of the day; which circumstances are noted in the hymn.

The Completorium, or Conclusion, as I have called it, for want of a better name, was at 9 P.M., and seems to have been intended for a wind-up, as it were, to the services of the day, and a last committal of self into the hands of God, before retiring to rest for the night.

In the present days, these systematic subdivisions may stand a chance of being objected to, as formal and old-fashioned, or be condemned as tending to cramp the energies of the awakened soul with unwarrantable shackles. When we consider, however, how the naturally wayward heart needs every



appliance and means that can be devised, to a right frame, there seems to be much in them. They tend to sanctify the whole the service of God, by constantly providing the mind with some holy employment to fall back on. They are seasons of spiritual refreshment to the wearied soul; opportunities for the God to be ever drawing near to his heavenly channels, as it were, opened at equal distances, the streams of divine grace to flow equally over the whole space.

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## SEASONS OF THE CHURCH.

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### ADVENT.

#### NOCTURN.

*Instantis adventum Dei.* (No. 36.)

THE Advent of our God  
Our prayers must now employ,  
And we must meet him on his road  
With hymns of holy joy.

The everlasting Son  
Incarnate soon shall be :  
He will a servant's form put on,  
To make his people free.

Daughter of Zion, rise  
And greet thy lowly King,  
And do not wickedly despise  
The mercies he will bring.

As Judge, in clouds of light,  
He will come down again,  
And all his scattered saints unite  
With Him in Heaven to reign.

Before that dreadful day  
 May all our sin be gone ;  
 May the old man be put away,  
 And the new man put on !

Praise to the Saviour Son  
 From all the angel Host :  
 Like praise be to the Father done,  
 And to the Holy Ghost.

---

### MATINS.

*(Jordanis oras prævia. No. 37.)*

On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry,  
 Announces that the Lord is nigh :  
 Come then and hearken, for he brings  
 Glad tidings from the King of kings.

Even now the air, the sea, the land  
 Feel that their Maker is at hand ;  
 The very elements rejoice,  
 And welcome Him with cheerful voice.

Then cleansed be every Christian breast,  
 And furnished for so great a Guest !  
 Yea ! let us each our hearts prepare  
 For Christ to come and enter there.

For Thou art our salvation, Lord,  
 Our refuge and our great reward,  
 Without thy grace our souls must fade,  
 And wither like a flower decayed.

Stretch forth thine hand, to heal our sore,  
And make us rise, to fall no more ;  
Once more upon thy people shine,  
And fill the world with love divine.

To Him, who left the throne of Heaven  
To save mankind, all praise be given :  
Like praise be to the Father done,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One.

---

OR THIS.

(*Verbum supernum prodiens.* No. 38.)

THY Father's bosom thou didst leave,  
Eternal Word of God ;  
On earth awhile, to save mankind,  
Thou madest thine abode.

Enlighten, then, our breasts, we pray,  
Inflame them with thy love :  
And fill our renovated hearts  
With rapture from above.

That so, when sinners shall be doomed  
To endless flames in hell,  
And thou shalt summon thine elect,  
With Thee on high to dwell,

We may not to that curst abode,  
In that fierce storm be driven,  
But see the face of God on high,  
And share the joys of heaven.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 One God, whom we adore,  
 All praise and glory be ascribed,  
 Both now and evermore.

---

## EVENSONG.

(*Statuta decretis Dei.* No. 39.)

THE rolling years at length fulfil  
 The counsels of th' Eternal will;  
 More precious for the long delay,  
 Shines forth from heaven the joyful day.

Since Adam fell, his sinful race  
 Lay sunk in ruin and disgrace;  
 In shade of night forlorn they sate,  
 And waited for their awful fate.

Alas! and who can undertake  
 Amends for man's offence to make?  
 Where can a remedy be found  
 Sufficient for so sore a wound?

Thou, Jesu Christ, yea, thou alone,  
 Descending from thy Father's throne,  
 The heavenly likeness canst restore,  
 God's image, which at first we bore.

Send him, ye heavens, from above,  
 That so the earth, with grateful love,  
 May th' everlasting seed embrace  
 The Saviour of our long-lost race.

All praise and glory we afford,  
To Jesus, the incarnate Word :  
And God the Father we adore,  
And Holy Ghost, for evermore.

---

## CHRISTMAS.

## EVE.

(*Missum redemptorum polo.* No. 40.)

THE Prince of Peace, to sinners given,  
The great Redeemer sent from heaven,  
The Virgin-born, let all adore,  
And spread his name from shore to shore.

The Word of God, that dwelt on high  
With God from all eternity,  
Is now confined to life's short span,  
Is now a helpless child of man.

Our God is in a manger laid,  
Of straw his humble couch is made :  
For a whole world's salvation sent,  
He needs an infant's nourishment.

And see, those heaven-directing hands  
Are now compressed with swaddling bands :  
Helpless and desolate he lies,  
That we, through Him, to heaven may rise.

He'll come once more to judge the earth,  
But now He calls us to His birth :  
His love to sinners thus was proved,  
Oh, may we love, as we are loved !

The Father's name we loudly raise,  
The Son, the Virgin-born, we praise ;  
The Holy Ghost we all adore,  
One God, both now and evermore.

---

## NOCTURN.

(*Jam desinant suspiria.* No. 41.)

CEASE, weary mortals, cease to sigh,  
For God hath heard you from on high,  
E'en now he sendeth from above  
The Prince of Peace, the Lord of Love.

The silence of the night profound  
Is broken by a heavenly sound ;  
The angel-host to mortal ear  
Announcing that the Lord is near.

So while the shepherds' feet are led  
Within the Saviour's lowly shed,  
We, too, will contemplate the sight,  
The wonder that is brought to light.

Thither in fancy we repair :  
We enter in : what see we there ?  
A stall, a manger rudely piled,  
A mother and an infant child.

Can this be He, the Lord of Grace,  
The brightness of his Father's face ?  
Can this be He, who rules the land,  
And holds the ocean in his hand ?

It is : faith penetrates the clouds,  
The darkness that his glory shrouds :  
It is indeed the mighty Lord  
By angels worshipped and adored.

E'en here the teacher we discern :  
E'en now the lesson we may learn ;  
With Him, from worldly pride be pure :  
Meekly, with Him, thy woes endure.

Oh ! holy Babe, thy love inspire,  
Repress in us each vain desire :  
And thus thy saving grace impart,  
To each believer's new-born heart.

Amen.

---

OR THIS.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by  
night,

All seated on the ground,  
The Angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around :

"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind ;  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.



“ To you in David’s town this day  
Is born, of David’s line,  
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,  
And this shall be the sign :

“ The heavenly babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid.”

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God, and thus  
Addressed their joyful song :

“ All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace :  
Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men  
Begin, and never cease.”

---

MATINS.

(*Adeste fideles.* No. 42.)

OH ! come ye faithful, and your homage bring  
To David’s town with glad accord ;  
Behold the Son, behold the angels’ King :  
Oh, come ye, and sing praises to the Lord !

For he, the God of God, the Light of Light,  
The Virgin’s womb hath not abhorred :  
And God is now reveal’d to mortal sight !  
Oh, come ye, and sing praises to the Lord !

And hark ! the angels through the lofty sky  
Their praises to his name afford ;  
All glory they ascribe to God on high !  
Oh, come ye, and sing praises to the Lord !

Oh, Jesu Virgin-born ! thy name shall be,  
On this thy day for aye ador'd !  
Incarnate Word of God, we worship Thee !  
Oh, come ye, and sing praises to the Lord !

---

OR THIS.

HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,  
And join the angelic throng :  
For angels no such love have known  
T' awake a cheerful song.

Good-will to sinful man is shown,  
And peace on earth is given :  
For, lo ! th' incarnate Saviour comes  
With messages from heaven.

Justice and grace, in sweet accord,  
His rising beams adorn ;  
Let heaven and earth in concert join,  
" To us a child is born."

Glory to God, in highest strains,  
In highest worlds be paid ;  
His glory by our lips proclaimed,  
And by our lives displayed.

---

When shall we reach those blissful realm  
Where Christ exalted reigns,  
And learn of the celestial choir  
Their own immortal strains?

---

## EVENSONG.

(*Jesu, redemptor omnium.* No. 43.)

JESUS, thou holy Son of God,  
Thou friend to sinful man,  
Who madest in heaven thy bright abode,  
Before the world began,  
Thou, Lord, our chiefest glory art,  
Our only refuge thou :  
Prayer is the incense of our heart ;  
Accept that incense now.  
The likeness, Lord, thou didst assume  
Of our most sinful race,  
That we, thy ransomed saints, might com  
To share thy promised grace.  
Oh ! then, thy work of grace begin,  
And when begun, maintain ;  
So shall no falling back to sin  
Our later years profane.  
So let the land, the sea, the sky,  
Let all the world rejoice,  
And sing thy glorious majesty,  
With a triumphant voice.



And we, to whom thou camest on earth,  
Eternal life to bring,  
On this, the season of thy birth,  
Thy wondrous love will sing.

---

## OR THIS.

HARK, the herald angels sing,  
Glory to the new-born King,  
Peace in heaven and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled.  
Joyful all ye nations rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies,  
With the angelic host proclaim,  
Christ is born at Bethlehem.  
Hark, the herald angels sing,  
Glory to the new-born King !

Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
Christ, the everlasting Lord,  
Late in life behold Him come,  
Offspring of a Virgin's womb ;  
Veiled in flesh, the Godhead He,  
Hail the incarnate Deity !  
Pleased as man with men to appear,  
Jesus our Immanuel here.  
Hark, the herald angels sing,  
Glory to the new-born King !

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace,  
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !  
Light and life to all he brings,  
Risen with healing on his wings :  
Mild He lays his glory by,  
Born that man no more may die !  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth !  
Hark, the herald angels sing,  
Glory to the new-born King !

---

## ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.

(*Quid, obstinata pectora.* No. 44.)

AN, wherefore do the impious Jews  
Again their God defy ?  
Their holy teacher they refuse,  
And drag him forth to die.

At him they dare, with ruthless hands,  
To cast the murderous stone,  
While Saul, their chief, insulting stands,  
And makes their crime his own.

But, lo ! before the martyr's eye  
The starry poles are riven ;  
He sees his Lord enthroned on high,  
At God's right hand in heaven.

Thus ever thou wilt give thy might  
To all thy saints, O Lord !  
Thyself the witness of the fight,  
Thyself their great reward.

Oh ! Stephen's was a glorious death,  
Allowed for Christ to die :  
His body sank the stones beneath,  
His soul was in the sky.

For even then his ardent mind,  
Filled with excess of light,  
No longer was to earth confined,  
But winged its upward flight.

The Father's name we loudly raise,  
The Son we all adore ;  
The Holy Ghost, one God, we praise,  
Both now and evermore.

---

### ST. JOHN'S DAY.

*(Jussu tyranni pro fide. No. 45.)*

BELoved disciple of thy Lord,  
Wast thou to exile driven ?  
Oh never sore thy spirit soar'd  
With fleeter wings to heaven ;

He that was dead, and is alive,  
Then cheer'd thine eyes again ;  
The Lion, strong with death to strive,  
The Lamb, for sinners slain.

Oh, then the mysteries were unfurl'd  
 Of His triumphant reign,  
 How martyr blood, through all the world,  
 His kingdom should maintain.

Then grant us, Lord, with Thee to die,—  
 With Thee again to rise :  
 With Thee from this vain world to fly,—  
 To meet Thee in the skies.

And now to Him, who vanquish'd death,<sup>1</sup>  
 And shows the way to heaven,  
 To Christ from ev'ry human breath,  
 Be endless praises given.

## INNOCENTS' DAY.

## MATINS.

(*Salveti, Flores Martyrum.* No. 46.)

HAIL, infant martyrs, new-born victims, hail !  
 Hail, earliest flowerets of the Christian spring !  
 O'er whom, like rosebuds scattered by the gale,  
 The cruel sword such havoc dared to fling.

The Lord's first votive offerings of blood,  
 First tender lambs upon the altar laid,  
 Around in fearless innocence they stood,  
 And sported gaily with the murderous blade.

Oh! what availed thee, Herod, this thy guilt,  
This load of crime that on thy conscience lies?  
The Lord alone, whose blood thou would'st have  
spilt,  
Now mocks thy malice, and thy power defies.

Yes! he alone survived, when all the ground  
Drank the red torrents of that carnage wild;  
Though many a childless mother wailed around,  
The hand of murder spared the Virgin's child!

O Jesu, Virgin-born! all praise to Thee,  
And to the Father, and the Holy Ghost;  
One God eternal, ever honoured be,  
By saints on earth, and by the heavenly host.

---

EVENSONG.

(*Molles in agnos ceu lupus.* No. 47.)

As wolves attack their helpless prey,  
So Herod holds his murderous way,  
And hopes, but oh! he hopes in vain,  
To mingle Jesus with the slain.

The cradles flow with infant blood,  
But God his fury hath withstood;  
The Lord alone he sought to slay,  
The Lord alone escapes away.



Ye mothers, let no tears be shed,—  
 Yea, weep not, though your babes be dead  
 For now they stand around the Throne  
 And Jesus counts them as his own.

The Father's name we loudly raise,  
 The Son, the Virgin-born, we praise ;  
 The Holy Ghost we all adore,  
 One God, both now and evermore.

## CIRCUMCISION.

## MATINS.

(*Felix dies, quam proprio.* No. 48.)

Oh, happy day, when first was poured  
 The blood of our redeeming Lord !  
 Oh, happy day, when first began  
 His sufferings for sinful man !

Just entered on this world of woe,  
 His blood already learned to flow :  
 His future death was thus expressed,  
 And thus His early love confessed.

From heaven descending, to fulfil  
 The mandates of his Father's will,  
 E'en now behold the victim lie,  
 The Lamb of God, prepared to die ;

Beneath the knife behold The Child,  
The innocent, the undefiled ;  
For captives He the ransom pays,  
For lawless man the law obeys.

Lord, circumcise our hearts, we pray ;  
Our fleshy natures purge away ;  
Thy name, thy likeness may they bear :  
Yea, stamp thy holy image there !

The Father's name we loudly raise,  
The Son, the Virgin-born, we praise :  
The Holy Ghost we all adore,  
One God, both now and evermore.

---

## EVENSONG.

(*Victis sibi cognomina.* No. 49.)

'Tis for conquering kings to gain  
Glory o'er their myriads slain :  
Jesu, thy more glorious strife,  
Hath restored a world to life.

So no other name is given  
Unto mortals under heaven,  
Which can make the dead to rise,  
And exalt them to the skies.

That which Christ so hardly wrought,  
That which he so dearly bought,  
That salvation, mortals, say,  
Will you madly cast away ;

---

Rather gladly for that name  
Bear the cross, endure the shame ;  
Joyfully for Him to die  
Is not death, but victory.

Dost thou, Jesu, condescend  
To be called the sinners' friend ?  
Ours then it shall always be  
Thus to make our boast of thee.

Glory to the Father be ;  
Glory, Virgin-born, to thee ;  
Glory to the Holy Ghost,  
Ever from the heavenly host.

---

## SUNDAY AFTER CIRCUMCISION

### NOCTURN.

*(Verbum quod ante secula. No.*

THE Word, who dwelt above the sl  
With God before the world began  
Now on the Virgin's bosom lies,  
A helpless new-born child of man

Already on his sinless head  
The streams of wrath begin to fl  
Already, on his infant bed,  
The taste of grief the Lord must

The lowliest poverty he bears,  
That we may be with wealth supplied ;  
He weeps, and by his precious tears  
A guilty world is purified.

A simple dress, a mean abode,  
A life obscure, his glory hide ;  
Proud man ! behold thy lowly God,  
And let the sight destroy thy pride.

O Thou who camest from the sky  
To be the Lamb for sinners slain,  
Thou wilt not leave thy saints to die,  
Nor let such toil be spent in vain.

The Father's name we loudly raise,  
The Virgin-born we all adore,  
The Holy Ghost, one God, we praise  
Both now on earth and evermore.

Amen.


---

MATINS.

(*Divine crescebas puer.* No. 51.)

In stature grows the heavenly Child  
With death before his eyes ;  
A Lamb unblemished, meek and mild,  
Prepared for sacrifice.

The Son of God his glory hides  
With parents mean and poor :  
And He who made the heaven abides  
In dwelling-place obscure.



Those mighty hands that stay the sky  
No earthly toil refuse,  
And He who set the stars on high,  
An humble trade pursues.

He before whom the angels stand,  
At whose behest they fly,  
Now yields himself to man's command,  
And lays his glory by.

The Father's name we loudly raise,  
The Son we all adore,  
The Holy Ghost, one God, we praise  
Both now and evermore.

Amen

---

EVENSONG.

(*Christus tenebris obsitam.* No. 52.)

THROUGH Judah's land the Saviour walks  
The word of life to teach :  
His own he seeks,—his own refuse  
To hearken to His speech.

And yet the miracles He works  
The Son of God proclaim :  
The deaf can hear, the dumb pronounce  
The great Messiah's name.

But no ! they turn their ears away,  
His doctrine they repel :  
They hate the Sun, for ah ! they love  
Their night of sin too well.

But we, O God, thy light desire,  
That shines so bright, so fair :  
Oh ! search our hearts, and thou shalt find  
No love of darkness there.  
Oh, ever on thy chosen saints  
Such blessings, Lord, bestow !  
Oh, may thy truth for ever shine,  
Thy love for ever glow !  
To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Holy Ghost,  
Be glory from the saints on earth,  
And from the heavenly host.

Amen.

---

### EPIPHANY.

(*Quæ Stella sole pulchrior.* No. 53.)

WHAT star is this, with beams so bright,  
Which shame the sun's less radiant light ?  
'Tis sent to announce a new-born King,—  
Glad tidings of our God to bring.  
'Tis now fulfilled what God decreed,—  
"From Jacob shall a star proceed :"  
And lo ! the Eastern sages stand,  
To read in heaven the Lord's command.  
While outward signs the star displays,  
An inward light the Lord conveys,  
And urges them, with force benign,  
To seek the Giver of the sign.

True love can brook no dull delay,—  
Through toils and dangers lies their way :  
And yet their home, their friends, their a  
They leave at once, at God's high call.

Oh, while the star of heavenly grace  
Invites us, Lord, to seek thy face,  
May we no more that grace repel,  
Or quench that light, which shines so well

To God the Father, God the Son  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
May every tongue and nation raise  
An endless song of thankful praise!

## SUNDAYS AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

### MATINS.

*(Clamantis ecce vox sonans. No. 54.)*

THE voice of him who cries aloud  
Is heard on Judah's waste :  
And soon a sinful sorrowing crowd  
Around the Baptist haste.

And see, as they assemble thus,  
The spotless Lamb draws nigh :  
The Lamb, who gave himself for us,  
To suffer and to die.

John's mind, with heav'nly light supplied,  
The Source of light could see :  
" I need thy washing, Lord," he cried ;  
" And comest thou to me ?"

But e'en though thus self-humbled, still  
His word must be obeyed :  
He must in every point fulfil  
The law himself hath made.

Herald of Christ, at length thine eyes  
The Mightier one have seen :  
'Tis thine with water to baptize,  
'Tis his with fire to clean.

Praise to the Son, through whom alone  
Our stains of guilt are lost ;  
Like praise be to the Father done,  
And to the Holy Ghost.

---

EVENSONG.

(*Emergit undis, et Deo.* No. 55.)

Now Jesus lifts his prayer on high,  
Emerging from the stream :  
And, lo ! descending from the sky,  
The Spirit's radiant beam.

Swift moving, like a beauteous dove,  
It rests on Him alone :  
" This," saith the voice of God above,  
" Is my beloved Son."

---



So those on whom is duly poured  
The blessed baptismal wave,  
They too are children of the Lord,  
They too may ask and have.

Theirs is the holy purity  
And meekness of the dove :  
To them the Holy Ghost is nigh,  
To fill their souls with love.

Lord, if thou hast removed our stain  
In that most holy flood,  
May no fresh sin destroy again  
The cleansing of Thy blood !

Praise to the Son, through whom alone  
Our stains of guilt are lost :  
Like praise be to the Father done,  
And to the Holy Ghost.

---

### SEPTUAGESIMA.

*(Te læta mundi conditor. No. 56.)*

THOU, great Creator, art possessed,  
And Thou alone, of endless rest :  
To angels only it belongs  
To lift to Thee their ceaseless songs.

But we must toil and toil again,  
With ceaseless woe and endless pain :  
How then can we, in exile drear,  
Lift the glad song of glory here ?

Oh, Thou, who wilt forgiving be,  
To all who truly turn to Thee,  
Grant us to mourn the hapless cause  
Of all our woe, Thy broken laws!

Then to such salutary grief  
Let faith and hope bring due relief,  
And we, too, shall be soon possessed  
Of ceaseless songs of endless rest.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And Holy Ghost, be glory done :  
Let equal praise to each be given,  
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

---

## SEXAGESIMA.

(*Rebus creatis nil egens.* No. 57.)

Our God, in His celestial seat,  
In glory and in power complete,  
To make that power and glory known,  
Lays the round world's foundation-stone.

The elements, before unmade,  
Are now in beauteous order laid :  
And wondrous harmony they raise,  
To celebrate their Maker's praise.

But e'en while thus the world comes forth,  
In all the beauty of its birth,  
His mind hath in itself unfurled  
Another and a nobler world.

Its builder is His only Son,  
In grace and love it is begun :  
'Tis carried on through every age  
By His own word, the Gospel page.

In heaven at length, when time is o'er  
'Twill stand complete, to move no mor  
Made meet for such a blessed abode,  
Meet for the dwelling-place of God.

Oh, God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Preserve, direct, maintain in love,  
The world below, and world above !

---

QUINQUAGESIMA.

*(Vos ante Christi tempora. No. 58.*

Oh, ye, who followed Christ in love,  
While yet He dwelt in realms above,  
First children of Almighty grace :  
First fathers of the faithful race !

Oh, how can words of equal worth  
The wonders of your faith set forth !  
Or tell of all your panting sighs,  
Which hope uplifted to the skies !

In dreary exile here below,  
Ye found the world an empty show ;  
On real delights you fixed your love,  
Not here below, but there above.

The heart, O God, that loves Thee well,  
Still longs with Thee in peace to dwell :  
Forbid, O Lord, our souls to roam,  
And fix them on our future home.

Praise to the Father, and the Son  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One ;  
Eternal praise to each be given,  
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

---

## SEASON BEFORE LENT.

(*Alleluia ! dulce carmen.* No. 59.)

ALLELUIA ! best and sweetest  
Of the hymns of praise above !  
Alleluia ! thou repeatest,  
Angel host, these notes of love,  
This ye utter.  
While your golden harps ye move.

Alleluia ! Church victorious,  
Join the concert of the sky !  
Alleluia ! bright and glorious,  
Lift, ye saints, this strain on high !  
We, poor exiles,  
Join not yet your melody.

*Alleluia!* strains of gladness

Suit not souls with anguish torn :

*Alleluia!* sounds of sadness

Best become our state forlorn :

Our offences

We with bitter tears must mourn.

But our earnest supplication,

Holy God, we raise to thee :

Visit us with thy salvation,

Make us all thy joys to see !

*Alleluia!*

Ours at length this strain shall be.

OR THUS.

*Alleluia ! dulce carmen.*

Oh ! glorious is the song

Of everlasting praise,

When all the angel throng

Their joyful chorus raise :

*Alleluia!*

When seraphs sing

To God their King,

*Alleluia!*

Thou too, Jerusalem,

The concert thou may'st join,

And this may be the theme

Of every saint of thine :



Hallelujah !  
Thou too may'st sing  
To God thy King,  
Hallelujah.

But oh ! we may not now  
This joyful strain begin :  
Our heads we first must bow  
In sorrow for our sin.

Alleluia !  
We may not sing  
To God our King,  
Alleluia !

O Lord, our hearts incline,  
To worship only Thee !  
We then that choir may join,  
And ours that strain may be :  
Alleluia !  
We then may sing  
To God our King,  
Alleluia !

---

## LENT.

## NOCTURN.

(*Quod lex adumbravit vetus.* No. 60.)

THIS solemn fast the Fathers saw  
Forth shadowed in the ancient law,  
And Jesus, when on earth he came,  
Taught us to celebrate the same.

Thou, the heart-searching God, must know  
 How vile and weak we be :  
 But, Lord, do thou thy mercy show,  
 And draw us back to Thee.

Great is our sin, and great our shame,  
 But, oh ! do thou forgive :  
 Help, for the glory of thy name,  
 And let poor sinners live.


Oh ! may our outward abstinence  
 Have such effect within,  
 That we may rescue every sense  
 From every stain of sin.

Blest Three in One, with grief sincere,  
 To Thee we humbly pray,  
 That fruits of mercy may appear  
 To bless this fasting-day.

## GOOD FRIDAY.

### NOCTURN I.

(*Fando quis audivit, Dei.* No. 63.)



To whom is our report made known ?  
 Of mercies which the Lord hath shown,  
 Such wonders scarce can faith believe,  
 And scarce the mind such love conceive.

The Son of God, for sinful man  
In purpose slain, since time began,  
His body now in deed supplies  
As our atoning sacrifice.

But wherefore, Saviour, dost Thou lie  
In such a mournful agony?  
And why those bloody drops, that show  
Thy soul's deep anguish, as they flow.

Oh ! 'tis the effect of grief within  
The horror of unpardoned sin :  
For, standing in the sinner's room,  
Thou tremblest at the sinner's doom.

Doth the dread cup deter thy soul ?  
But oh ! unless thou drink the whole,  
For us poor sinners it must flow  
A draught of never-ending woe.

But heavenly love is ne'er dismayed,  
And God may not be disobeyed ;  
And lo ! he yields Him to the hour  
Of darkness, and to hell's dark power.

And now to blows, rebukes and scorn,  
The purple robe, the crown of thorn,  
E'en to the cross behold Him given,  
A victim to the wrath of heaven,

The Father, who the Victim gave,  
The Son who died, mankind to save,  
The Holy Ghost, we all adore,  
One God, both now and evermore.

Amen.



The Father, who the Victim gave,  
The Son, who died mankind to save ;  
The Holy Ghost, we all adore,  
One God, both now and evermore.

---

## EVENSONG.

(*Vexilla regis prodeunt.* No. 66.)

THE royal banner is unfurled,  
The cross is reared on high,  
On which the Saviour of the world  
Is stretched in agony.

See through his holy hands and feet  
The cruel nails they drive,  
Our ransom thus is made complete,  
Our souls are saved alive.

And see, the spear hath pierced his side  
And shed that sacred flood,  
That holy reconciling tide,  
The water and the blood.

Hail ! holy cross, from thee we learn  
The only way to heaven ;  
And oh, to thee may sinners turn,  
And look, and be forgiven !  
Jehovah ! we thy name adore,  
In Thee we will rejoice,  
And sing, till time shall be no more,  
The triumphs of the Cross.

OR THIS.

*(Prone vocem, mens, canoram. No. 67.)*

Now, my soul, thy voice upraising,  
Sing aloud in mournful strain  
Of the sorrows most amazing,  
And the agonizing pain,  
Which our Saviour,  
Sinless bore, for sinners slain.

He the ruthless scourge enduring,  
Ransom for our sins to pay,  
Sinners by his own stripes curing,  
Raising those who wounded lay,  
Bore our sorrows,  
And removed our pains away.

He to liberty restored us  
By the very bonds he bare,  
And his nail-pierced limbs afford us  
Each a stream of mercy rare,  
Us they fasten  
To the cross, and keep us there.

When his painful life was ended,  
Then the spear transfix'd his side,  
Blood and water thence descended,  
Pouring forth a double tide :  
This to cleanse us,  
That to heal us, is applied.

Jesu, may thy promised blessing  
Comfort to our souls afford,  
May we, now thy love possessing,  
And at length our full reward,  
Ever praise Thee,  
As our ever-glorious Lord.

---

## EASTER SUNDAY.

## NOCTURN.

(*Adeste cœlitum chori.* No. 68.)

COME, thou blest angelic throng,  
Join with us in joyful song ;  
Christ our Saviour, on this day  
Cast the bonds of death away.

All in vain around his tomb  
Watched the soldiers through the gloom  
All in vain His crafty foes  
Sought with seals the door to close.

Idle fears ! no thief will come  
To remove him from the tomb :  
He, who gave himself to death,  
Can himself resume his breath.

On the cross the senseless crowd  
Saw him hang, and laughed aloud ;  
“ Now come down,” they cried, “ and w  
Will believe that thou art He.”

But thou didst thy Father's will  
Even to the death fulfil :  
Thou didst not the offering shun,  
Priest and Victim, all in one.

So upon the cross he stayed,  
And within the tomb was laid :  
Now he leaves that dark abode,  
Hail Him as the Son of God.  
Amen.

---

MATINS.


(*Aurora cælum purpurat.* No. 69.)

THIS holy morn, so fair and bright,  
Shall hear our praises swell :  
For oh, what joy prevails on earth,  
What wild despair in hell !

This morn our mighty King arose  
From death's infernal cave,  
And many a saint, to welcome Him,  
Hath left his ancient grave.

In vain they sealed his sepulchre,  
And watched around his tomb,—  
The Lord hath gained the victory,  
And death is overcome.

Then weep no more at death's dark power,  
Let no more tears be shed :  
For why ! the vanquisher of death  
Is risen from the dead.



Oh, Jesu ! may we ever live  
From sin and sorrow free :  
Then let us ever die to sin,  
And ever live to Thee.

Amen.

---

## HYMN I.

SINCE Christ, our passover, is slain,  
A sacrifice for all,  
Let all with thankful hearts agree,  
To keep the festival.

Not with the leaven, as of old,  
Of sin and malice fed,  
But with unfeigned sincerity,  
And truth's unleavened bread.

Christ being raised by power divine,  
And rescued from the grave,  
Shall die no more ; death shall on Him  
No more dominion have.

For that He died, 'twas for our sins  
He once vouchsafed to die ;  
But that He lives, He lives to God,  
For all eternity.

So count yourselves as dead to sin,  
But graciously restored,  
And made henceforth alive to God,  
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.



## HYMN II.

CHRIST from the dead is raised, and made  
The first fruits of the tomb :  
For as by man came death, by man  
Did resurrection come.

For as in Adam all mankind  
Did guilt and sin derive,  
So by the righteousness of Christ  
Shall all be made alive.

If then ye risen are with Christ,  
Seek only how to get  
The things that are above, where Christ  
At God's right hand doth sit.

---

## HYMN III.

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,  
Our triumphant holiday :  
Who did once, upon the cross  
Suffer to redeem our loss.  
Alleluia !

Hymns of praise then let us sing  
Unto Christ, our heavenly King ;  
Who endured the cross and grave,  
Sinners to redeem and save.  
Alleluia !

But the pain which he endured  
 Our salvation hath secured ;  
 Now above the sky he's King,  
 Where the angels ever sing.  
 Alleluia !

---

## EVENSONG.

(*Forti tegente brachio.*) No. 70.

PROTECTED by the Almighty hand,  
 We traversed safe the severed main :  
 No more we see the Egyptian land,  
 No more we feel the tyrant's chain.  
 Oh ! then, to God, with one accord,  
 Be joyful thanks and homage paid :  
 And let us come before the Lord,  
 In robes of innocence arrayed.  
 Yes, let us at His table meet,  
 And banquet at his feast of love :  
 So shall our soul, with transport beat,  
 And God's own presence sweetly prove.  
 Christ is our Paschal Lamb to-day,  
 To Him the Christian looks for food :  
 Nor will the avenging angel slay  
 Those who are sprinkled with his blood.  
 Oh, Victim, worthy of the sky,  
 Beneath whose power death vanquished fell :  
 Who saved mankind from misery,  
 And burst the dungeon-gates of hell !

Oh! praise the Father, and the Son,  
Who bids us welcome to the skies,  
And Holy Ghost, by whom alone  
We share the Saviour's victories.

---

## ASCENSION DAY.

## NOCTURN.

(*Salutis humanæ Sator.* No. 71.)

OH, Jesu, Lord of heavenly grace,  
Redeemer of our guilty race,  
To Thee our faithful eyes we bend,  
The saint's delight, the sinner's friend!

What wondrous love prevailed on Thee,  
The bearer of our sins to be :  
Thyself in sacrifice to give  
That sinners might not die, but live!

Now crushed is Satan's doleful reign,  
And shivered is the tyrant's chain;  
And Thou art in thy meet abode,  
A conqueror on the throne of God.

Oh! let thy mercy then prevail,  
To heal the losses we bewail :  
Oh! cheer us with thy beaming face,  
Enrich us with thy gifts of grace.



Be thou our passage to the skies,  
Be thou the goal before our eyes,  
Our present joy, to dry our tears,  
Our future prize, for endless years.

---

## MATINS.

(*Opus peregristi tuam.* No. 72.)

REDEEMER! now thy work is done!  
Death owns thy power, the prize is won!  
And now once more we see thee rise,  
Returning to thy native skies.

A radiant cloud is now thy seat,  
And earth lies stretched beneath thy feet:  
While myriads, in their bright array,  
Attend thee homeward on thy way.

Beside the everlasting gates  
The angel-host enraptured waits:  
He comes, he comes, and God's high throne  
Receives at length the Holy One.

There, Jesu, thou hast never ceased  
To be our friend, our great high priest:  
Pleading in our behalf thy blood,  
That holy reconciling flood.

And thence the Church, thy chosen bride,  
With spiritual gifts supplied,  
Through all her members draws from Thee  
Her hidden life of sanctity.

And thence, when perils close around,  
Thou makest us maintain our ground :  
'Tis thy right arm subdues our foes,  
Thy hand the victor's prize bestows.

All praise to Jesus Christ be given,  
The conqueror who returns to heaven :  
With praise exalt, ye heavenly host,  
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

---

EVENSONG.

(*Jesu, nostra, redemptio.* No. 73.)

O CHRIST, our hope, our heart's desire,  
Redemption's only spring ;  
Creator of the world art thou,  
Its Saviour and its King.

How vast the mercy and the love  
Which laid our sins on Thee :  
And led Thee to a cruel death,  
To set thy people free !

But now the bonds of death are burst,  
The ransom has been paid :  
And Thou art on thy Father's throne,  
In glorious robes arrayed.

Oh, may thy mighty love prevail  
Our sinful souls to spare !  
Oh, may we come before Thy throne,  
And find acceptance there !

But lo ! the cross, which once the Jew  
And Gentile dared despise,  
The saint's delight, the sinner's scorn,  
Shines brightly in the skies.

That cross those wicked men behold,  
But find no mercy there :  
It only serves to seal their fate,  
And heighten their despair.

Lord, may we never to such guilt,  
Or to such downfall come !  
Oh, save us from the sinner's path,  
And from the sinner's doom !

Oh, future Judge, to thy great name  
All glory we afford !  
The Father, and the Holy Ghost  
Be equally adored.

---

EVENSONG.

(*Nobis Olympo redditus.* No. 76.)

OH, Christ, who hast prepared a place  
For us around thy throne of grace,  
We pray thee, lift our hearts above,  
And draw them with the cords of love !

Source of all good, thou, gracious Lord,  
Art our exceeding great reward ;  
How transient is our present pain  
How boundless our eternal gain !

With open face and joyful heart  
We then shall see thee as thou art:  
Our love shall never cease to glow,  
Our praise shall never cease to flow.

Thy never-failing grace to prove,  
A surety of thine endless love,  
Send down thy Holy Ghost, to be  
The raiser of our souls to Thee.

O future Judge, Eternal Lord,  
Thy name be hallowed and adored:  
To God the Father, king of heaven,  
And Holy Ghost, like praise be given.

Amen.

---

## WHITSUNDAY.

EVE.

(*O Christi, qui noster poli.* No. 77.)

O JESU, who art gone before  
To thy blest realms of light,  
Oh, thither may our spirits soar,  
And wing their upward flight!

Make us to those delights aspire,  
Which spring from love to Thee,  
Which pass the carnal heart's desire,  
Which faith alone can see.

When to his saints as their reward,  
Himself Jehovah gives,  
And thus its all-sufficient Lord  
The faithful soul receives.

To guide us to thy glories, Lord,  
To lift us to the sky,  
Oh, may thy Holy Ghost be poured  
Upon us from on high !

Praise to the Father and the Son,  
Who dwells aloft in heaven :  
And to the Spirit, Three in One,  
Let equal praise be given.

---

#### NOCTURN I.

(*Suprema rector cœlitum.* No. 78.)

RULER of the hosts of light,  
Death hath yielded to thy might,  
And thy blood hath marked a road,  
Which will lead us back to God.

From thy dwelling-place above,  
From thy Father's throne of love,  
Look upon us here below,  
Do not leave us in our woe.

Now thou sittest on thy throne,  
By thy death thy sorrows won,  
Now perform the promise given,  
Send the Holy Ghost from heaven.

Praise the Son, who reigns on high  
With the Father, in the sky :  
And the Holy Ghost adore,  
Three in One, for evermore.

Amen.

---

NOCTURN II.

(*Veni, Superne Spiritus.* No. 79.)

COME, Holy Ghost, thou source of good !  
For lo ! the world, by Jesus' blood  
Relieved from guilt, from bondage free,  
Now pants for grace, and longs for thee.

Accomplish now the promise given  
By Christ when he returned to heaven :  
With holy love our hearts inspire,  
And cleanse them with thy sacred fire.

Our grief is great : our Lord is gone :  
And we are helpless and alone ;  
Oh, pity our deserted state,  
And do not leave us desolate !

The truth, till now concealed in shade,  
And only to a few conveyed,  
Oh, far and wide that truth reveal,  
That all mankind its power may feel.

Oh ! may the unction from above  
Anoint us all with holy love :  
Thy tidings to our hearts declare,  
And write thy law for ever there.

---

Now to the Father and the Son,  
Be equal praise and glory done :  
And to the Spirit, source of love,  
Be praise on earth, and praise above

---

## MATINS.

(*Audimur, alma Spiritus.* No. 80.)

OUR prayer is heard : the holy Dove,  
Sent from the Father's breast above,  
Brings down to mortal man's abode  
The gifts, the promised gifts of God.

And oh, what wonders were displayed,  
When He on earth his entrance made !  
A blast, loud rushing through the sky  
Gave notice that the Lord was nigh.

And then the Holy Spirit came  
In form of fast descending flame,  
And rested on the assembled choir,  
Like cloven tongues of living fire.

And those bright flames, thus gently shed  
On each apostle's hallowed head,  
Within their hearts and senses pour  
A life and strength unknown before.

Amazed the Gentiles stand around,  
And listen to the varied sound :  
Each hears the Gospel's glad command  
In accents of his native land.

And while the word is preached aloud,  
The Spirit fills the assembled crowd :  
Fresh prophets thus on every side,  
And holy men are multiplied.

Now to the Father and the Son  
Be everlasting glory done,  
And to the Spirit, who inspires  
Our hearts with his celestial fires.

---

THE THIRD HOUR, OR NINE O'CLOCK.

(*Veni Creator, Spiritus.* No. 81.)

Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,  
Inspire the souls of thine,  
Till every heart which thou hast made  
Is filled with grace divine.

Thou art the Comforter ; the gift  
Of God, and fire of love,  
The everlasting spring of joy,  
And unction from above.

Thy gifts are manifold: thou writest  
God's laws in each true heart ;  
The promise of the Father, thou  
Dost heavenly speech impart.

Enlighten our dark souls, till they  
Thy sacred love embrace :  
Assist our minds, by nature frail,  
With thy celestial grace.



Drive far from us the mortal foe,  
And give us peace within ;  
That by thy guidance blest, we may  
Escape the snares of sin.

Teach us the Father to confess,  
And Son, from death revived,  
And with them both, Thee, Holy Ghost,  
Who art from both derived.

With Thee, O Father, therefore may  
The Son, our gracious Lord,  
And sacred Comforter, one God,  
For ever be adored.

Amen.

---

## TRINITY SUNDAY.

### MATINS.

(*Ter sancte, ter potens Deus.* No. 82.)

THRICE holy God, of wondrous might,  
O Trinity of love divine,  
To thee belongs unclouded light,  
And everlasting joys are thine.

About thy throne dark clouds abound,  
About thee shine such dazzling rays,  
That angels, as they stand around  
Are fain to tremble as they gaze.

Thy new-born people, gracious Lord,  
Confess thee in thine own great name ;  
By hope they taste the rich reward,  
Which faith already dares to claim.  
Father, may we thy laws fulfil,  
Blest Son, may we thy precepts learn ;  
And thou, blest Spirit, guide our will,  
Our feet unto thy pathway turn.  
Yea, Father, may thy will be done,  
And may we thus thy name adore,  
Together with thy blessed Son,  
And Holy Ghost, for evermore.  
Amen.

---

## EVENSONG.

(*O luce qui tuâ lates.* No. 83.)

O THOU who dwellest bright on high,  
Thou ever-blessed Trinity !  
Thee we confess, in thee believe,  
To thee with pious heart we cleave.  
O Father, by thy saints adored,  
O Son of God, our blessed Lord,  
O Holy Spirit, who dost join,  
Father and Son with love divine.  
We see the Father in the Son,  
And with the Father Christ is 'one ;  
The Holy Ghost, the Paraclete,  
In both resides, in both complete.

For God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Holy Ghost are one :  
All three one blessed truth approve,  
All three compose one holy love

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And Holy Ghost, be glory done ;  
One God Almighty we adore,  
With heart and voice, for evermore.

---



## SAINTS' DAYS.

---

ST. PAUL.

MATINS.

(*Quos in hostes, Saule, tendis.* No. 84.)

'GAINST what foemen art thou rushing,  
Saul, what madness drives thee on ?

Innocents in fury crushing,  
Children of the sinless One ;

Oh, how shortly  
Shall He make His vengeance known !

See the Lord, from heaven descending,  
Smites him, blinds him, lays him low :

See the persecutor bending  
Humbly, meekly to the blow.

See him rising  
Friend to Christ, no longer foe.

Breathing slaughter, chains preparing,  
Oh ! how fierce his anger burned :

Now that he has lost his daring,  
And the Gospel truth has learned,

The destroyer  
Now into a lamb is turned.

Christ, thy power is man's salvation,  
And thy love is here made known :  
He who wrought such desolation  
That thy cause might be o'erthrown,  
Now converted,  
Makes that sacred cause his own.

Praise the Father, God of heaven,  
Him who reigns supreme on high :  
Praise the Son, for sinners given  
Both to suffer and to die :  
Praise the Spirit,  
Who prepares us for the sky.

---

## EVENSONG.

(*Pastore percusso, minas.* No. 85.)

THE shepherd slain, the wolf returns,  
Against the fold his anger burns :  
He now begins, with blindfold shock,  
To scatter and destroy the flock.

But when there meets him on the road  
The voice of his upbraiding God,  
His wrath at once those words remove,  
Exchanged for faith and holy love.

Now meek and gentle, foe no more,  
He tends the flock he smote before,  
In captive bonds the captor led,  
The haughty victor bows his head.

O thou, who with a word hast strewn  
 The lofty trees of Lebanon,  
 Thou, whose resistless grace hath bowed  
 The haughty spirit of the proud,

Thou, Shepherd, lift thine hand to crush  
 All foes that on thy sheep-fold rush :  
 And turn us back, whene'er we stray,  
 And lead us on thine own good way.

And now to God, the Three in One  
 Be highest praise and glory done,  
 Who calleth us from sin's dark night,  
 To walk in his eternal light.

---

## AN APOSTLE.

### NOCTURN.

(*Supreme quales arbiter.* No. 86.)

WHAT feeble instruments, O Lord,  
 Fulfil thy wondrous plan ;  
 How mean the channels, which convey  
 Thy grace to sinful man !

Yes, frail the vessels, but within  
 The heavenly torch is laid ;  
 Which only waits Thy word to burst  
 Like lightning through the shade.

**ANT.**

**AS ANSWEAR.**

And oh! may we that grace receive  
From Him who doth the increase give,  
And we in time shall all be sated  
In the bright garner of the Lord.

And now to God, the Three in One,  
Be highest praise and glory done,  
Who calleth us from sin's dark night  
To walk in his eternal light.

**Amen.**

---

## ANNUNCIATION.

### MATINS.

*(Pulsus supernis sedibus. No. 89.)*

LONG time the fallen human race  
In sinful darkness laid,  
And ignorant of the way to life,  
In hopeless wanderings strayed.

But now their King on earth descends  
To teach the way to heaven,  
To fetch poor exiles back to God,  
Himself to exile given.

He comes to wanderers here below  
His succour to afford:  
Himself the way, himself the life,  
Himself their great reward.

Eternal God, within the veil  
Of human flesh confined,  
Oh ! may thy truth its beams unfold  
To every faithful mind !

Redeemer of the world, to Thee  
All glory we afford,  
The Father and the Holy Ghost  
Be equally adored.

---

EVENSONG.

(*Hæc illa sollemnis dies.* No. 90.)

THIS is the day, the solemn day,  
Which God appointed to convey  
Such news as made our sorrows cease,  
Glad news of mercy and of peace.

Our parents' guilt, our parents' fall,  
To certain death consigned us all :  
From certain death mankind to save,  
His only Son Jehovah gave.

Yes ! He who was th' Eternal's Son,  
E'er time had yet its course begun,  
Our life of pain and weakness bore,  
Nor did the Virgin's womb abhor.

He took on him our mortal state,  
That he might bear the sinner's fate,  
That so his blood, in ransom given,  
Might take away the wrath of heaven.



Yes! He, the infinite great God,  
In human flesh awhile abode :  
That we might high in glory dwell,  
He came as our Immanuel.

Redeemer of the world, to thee  
All praise and glory rendered be :  
And to the Father, King of heaven,  
And Holy Ghost, all praise be given.

---

## AN EVANGELIST'S DAY.

## MATINS.

(*Sinæ sub alto vertice.* No. 91.)

THE law on Sinai's fiery height,  
'Mid thunderings was given :  
The lightning flash, the trumpet clang  
Bespoke the God of heaven.

But now a veil of human flesh  
Around his brightness thrown,  
Our God in milder beams arrayed,  
To favoured man is shown.

The stone-writ law no strength could give  
Its precepts to fulfil :  
The Gospel law converts the heart,  
And sanctifies the will.

This Gospel law your faithful hands  
And faithful lips revealed ;  
Commended by your holy lives,  
And by your life-blood sealed.

And, oh ! may these your words of life,  
Which God's own hand hath traced,  
By him be written on our hearts,  
And never be effaced !

Amen.

---

EVENSONG.

(*Christi perennes nuntii.* No. 92.)

HERALDS of Christ, to every age,  
Who open wide the Gospel page,  
Unfolding all the wondrous plan  
Of love divine to sinful man.

The mysteries, which beneath the law  
The holy Prophets dimly saw,  
Ye now behold in open day,  
For Christ removes these shades away.

The woes he bore, the words he taught,  
The wondrous miracles he wrought,  
All this ye wrote, as God decreed,  
That all posterity might read.

The self-same Spirit was your guide,  
On him your faithful minds relied ;  
Oh ! may that Spirit still be given  
To teach our hearts the laws of heaven !

---

Oh ! praise the Father, praise the Son,  
Who victory o'er the grave hath won,  
And to the Spirit praise be given  
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

---

ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES.

NOCTURN.

(*Prædicta Christi mors adest.* No. 93.)

At length draws near the long-expected day,  
But, oh ! ye saints, your anxious fears remove ;  
For though no more on earth your Lord will stay,  
Ye lose his presence, but retain his love.

Oh ! then be strong, and fortify your hearts,  
The vain contentions of the world despise ;  
In God's good time the wintry storm departs,  
And days of tranquil sunshine shall arise.

Though now ye weep, ye soon shall weep no more,  
The hand of God himself your tears shall dry,  
When sinners, now triumphant, shall deplore  
Their short-lived joys, their endless misery.

Then He who put your human nature on,  
The power of death by dying to destroy,  
Shall bid you come, and welcome to his throne,  
To see his glory, and to share his joy.

Then, Jesu, grant us now to die with Thee,  
With new-born hearts, oh ! grant us now to rise,  
That so the world's vain pleasures we may flee,  
And fix our hearts, our treasure, in the skies.

Now to the Father, and his only Son,  
Who conquered death, and reigns supreme in  
heaven,  
And to the Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
All praise and glory evermore be given.

---


## MATINS.

(*Dum morte victor obrutū.* No. 94.)

THE Lord hath burst the bonds of death,  
And triumphed o'er the grave,  
Once more your Master ye behold,  
Who died your souls to save.

Remember how with joyful hearts  
Ye swelled his faithful train,  
And listened to the wondrous things  
Of His eternal reign.

But when He told you of the cross,  
The woes he first must bear,  
Your fearful love too soon consigned  
Your hearts to sad despair.



Oh ! surely 'twas ordained for Him,  
As Son of man to die,  
That He might triumph over death,  
As Son of God most high.

O Lord, we pray thee, be thou still  
Our teacher from above :  
Instruct our hearts to know thee well,  
And as we know, to love.

Now to the Father, and the Son,  
Who reigns supreme in heaven,  
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
Be endless glory given.

---

EVENSONG.

(*Natus parenti redditus.* No. 95.)

THE Son, upon His Father's throne,  
Is still your constant friend,  
And soon, like fire, upon your hearts,  
His Spirit shall descend.

Thus fitted for your heavenly task,  
He sends you forth abroad,  
To sound the glorious trumpet-note,  
And call mankind to God.

'Tis He will fortify your hearts,  
Whatever toils betide,  
Though dark the way, and rough the path,  
With foes on every side.

Though tyrants rage, though sinners scoff,  
Their scorn, their threats, how vain  
To those, for whom to live is Christ,  
For whom to die is gain !

May steadfast faith, may joyful hope,  
And never-failing love,  
Remove your fears, console your hearts,  
And lift your souls above !

To God the Father, God the Son,  
Who calls us to the sky,  
And to the Holy Ghost, be praise  
To all eternity\*.

\* The feast of St. Philip and St. James always comes between Easter and Whit Sunday; in the course of those fifty days, during which our Lord, after his rising from the dead, and before his ascension, showed himself to his disciples, and spoke to them of the things appertaining to the kingdom of God. Accordingly, each of these hymns refer to these particular circumstances. The first consoles the disciples under the prospect of their Lord's departure; the second reminds them of the glorious consequences of his death; and the third sets forth to them their glorious career, as the publishers of his Gospel all over the world.

---

## ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS

*(Christi, qui sedes Olympo. No. 96.)*

O CHRIST, who in heaven  
 Hast made thine abode,  
 To whom there is given  
 Like glory with God,  
 Before Thee assemble  
 The spirits of light,  
 Thou makest them tremble,  
 Because of thy might :  
 Oh ! may we, combining  
 Our own feeble lays,  
 Now please thee by joining  
 Their chorus of praise.

Among them appeareth  
 Thy champion, O Lord,  
 The victor that beareth  
 The glittering sword :  
 The sword that he wielded  
 So stoutly in fight,  
 When the fierce dragon yielded  
 To his greater might :  
 Who, when against heaven  
 He dared to rebel,  
 With his armies was driven  
 To nethermost hell.

The chief place thou bearest  
The spirits among,  
Thou, Michael, fairest  
Of all the bright throng :  
Round God's seat in glory  
Ye all are arrayed,  
And ever before ye  
His counsels are laid :  
The courses of nature  
Ye order full well :  
Ye bear every creature  
To heaven or to hell.

The heirs of salvation  
Your succour receive,  
And strong consolation,  
Whenever they grieve :  
When sickness assails us,  
Ye save us from fear,  
When the breath of life fails us,  
Ye still hover near ;  
And so when, life ended,  
Our spirits take flight,  
By you they're attended  
To regions of light.

Oh ! let the Creator  
Our praises embrace,  
The Father of nature,  
The Father of grace :  
The like adoration  
To him be assigned,



Who purchased salvation  
And life for mankind :  
And let equal praises  
The Spirit extol,  
Who comforts and raises  
And strengthens the soul.

Amen.

---

ALL SAINTS.

(*Spousa Christi, quæ per orbem.* No. 97.)

SPOUSE of Christ, to whom 'tis given,  
For thy Lord to strive and die,  
Chant aloud the song of heaven,  
Sing the triumph of the sky.

Let this festive day combining  
Saints below with saints above,  
Hear them all their voices joining,  
Fraught with melody and love.

Leader of the ransomed nation,  
See the Virgin's holy Son,  
Who was slain for our salvation,  
Who for us the victory won.

See the ministering spirits,  
All the blessed angelic throng,  
Praising their Creator's merits  
In a never-failing song.

Princes of the host of heaven,  
See the twelve the chorus swell,  
Who, with power by Jesus given,  
Judge the tribes of Israel.

See each life-despising martyr  
Holds his blood-stained vest on high,  
Who rejoiced his life to barter  
For a treasure in the sky.

See the faithful, all collected,  
Happy in their blessed abode,  
Who the world's vain joys rejected  
For their Saviour and their God.

All with joy their voices rearing,  
Glory to their God proclaim,  
His thrice-mighty power declaring,  
Praising his thrice-holy name.

Happy saints, with every blessing,  
Every joy your God can give,  
Oh! may we, such peace possessing,  
Now in holy union live!

May we ever walk before Him  
Here on earth in faithful love:  
May we see him, and adore Him,  
After death in realms above!

Amen.

---

## FOR PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

---

### FOR A MINISTER.

(*Jesu, sacerdotum decus.* No. 98.)

O CHRIST, who art our Pastor's Lord,  
His faithful guide, his sure reward,  
This day at once commenced shall be  
Our prayers for him, his toil for thee.

That he his love to thee may show,  
And thy great love to him may know,  
Thou hast deputed him to keep  
A portion of thine own dear sheep.

'Tis his to know them, and to lead  
To pastures where their souls may feed :  
'Tis theirs to follow, and receive  
The food of life his hands shall give.

'Tis his to search both night and day  
For the poor sheep that go astray,  
And if he find them, to restore,  
That they may go astray no more.

He guards the fold from beasts of prey,  
And drives the cruel wolves away :  
He loves his sheep, and will not fly,  
Prepared to fight, resigned to die.

Oh! may the shepherd and the flock  
Secure beneath th' eternal Rock,  
Be happy here in faithful love  
Until they join the fold above!

---

## FOR A DEPARTED SAINT.

## NOCTURN.

(*Summi pusillus grex Patris.* No. 99.)

THOU little flock, whose Shepherd is above,  
From sinful fears your wavering mind refrain :  
Are ye not now partakers of his love ?  
Are ye not partners of his future reign ?

How many saints, who now surround his throne,  
Were once, like you, with cares and sorrows  
worn ;

Their griefs unnoticed, and their joys unknown,  
They dared not murmur, and they would not  
mourn.

They bore the cherished burden of the cross,  
And thus the strait and narrow way they trod :  
Through many a doubtful contest, many a loss,  
Still slowly struggling on their way to God.

The inward bursts of passion or of pride,  
They sought with prayer and watching to subdue,  
With many a comfort, to themselves denied,  
The path of indigence they loved to strew.

Eternal Father of the world,  
Eternal Son, our glorious Lord,  
Eternal Spirit, praise to thee,  
Now, and to all eternity.

---

## FOR A YOUNG WOMAN.

(*O Virgo, pectus cui sacrum.* No. 102.)

BLEST child of God, thy hallow'd soul  
From earthly ties set free,  
Soon felt God's grace a source of love  
And holy joy in thee.

Deceitful pleasure ne'er could lead  
Thy steadfast steps astray :  
For thou wast ever following  
Where Jesus led the way.

So soon, so well, thy heart was taught  
The Virgin-born to prize,  
That thou for him wast well content  
Things earthly to despise.

How blest thy lot, to whom, e'en now,  
Among God's saints 'tis given,  
To listen to their songs of praise,  
To see thy Lord in heaven !

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Holy Ghost,  
All glory be from saints on earth,  
And from the angel-host.

## FOR A HOLY WOMAN.

(*Ardet Deo quæ femina.* No. 103.)

. THE loving heart, the bounteous hand  
In vain would shrink from fame :  
The poor around her threshold stand,  
And loudly bless her name.

To all the calls of deep distress  
Her daily thoughts attend ;  
A mother to the motherless,  
To friendless maids a friend.

Each child of sorrow she relieves,  
She does it, Lord, to thee ;  
Herself of comforts she bereaves,  
That they supplied may be.

At home with her true peace remains,  
And marks her steps abroad,  
Thus everywhere she still maintains  
The honour of her God.

To the great Father of the Word,  
To the co-equal Son,  
And Holy Spirit, endless praise  
And glory shall be be done.

---

## AT THE DEATH OF A HOLY WOMAN

(*Oh ! Jam beata, quæ suo.* No. 104.)

Oh! happy the departed saint,  
From earthly bonds set free,  
At length in chains of endless love  
United, Lord, to thee.

The steps by which she rose on high,  
Are not concealed from you ;  
These steps, ye mothers and ye maids,  
With earnest zeal pursue.

And we, too, will with care observe  
The way that she hath trod,  
For men full well may learn of her  
How they may live to God.

Then kindle in our hearts, O Lord,  
That same celestial fire,  
And with the love that she displayed,  
Do thou our souls inspire.

To the great Father of the Word,  
To the co-equal Son,  
And to the Spirit, endless praise  
And glory shall be done.

---

## DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

## MATINS.

(*Urbs Jerusalem beata.* No. 105.)

O CITY of our God,  
 Jerusalem the blest !  
 Thou glorious abode  
 Of holy joy and rest ;  
     To sing thy praise,  
     The angel throng,  
     In joyful song,  
     Their voices raise.

Thou comest from the sky,  
 In robes of royal pride ;  
 Thy husband the Most High,  
 And thou his chosen bride :  
     All shining bright  
     With purest gold,  
     Thy streets unfold  
     A glorious sight.

Thy holy gates are decked  
 With pearls of beauty rare,  
 And none but God's elect  
 Can be admitted there,  
     Who undergo  
     Sorrow and shame,  
     For Jesus' name,  
     On earth below.



Thy living stones are they,  
By renovating grace  
Prepared for Christ to lay  
In their appoinied place :  
There they will stay,  
Honoured and loved,  
Ne'er to be moved  
From thence away.

Praise to the God of heaven,  
Praise to His only Son :  
And praise to him be given  
Who joins them both in one :  
The Holy Dove,  
Who makes them meet  
For the blest seat  
Of God above.

---

EVENSONG.

(*Angulare fundamentum.* No. 106.)

CHRIST is our corner-stone,  
On him alone we build ;  
With his true saints alone  
The courts of heaven are filled.  
On his great love  
Our hopes we place  
Of present grace  
And joys above.



Oh ! then with hymns of praise  
These hallowed courts shall ring :  
Our voices we will raise  
The Three in One to sing,  
And thus proclaim  
In joyful song,  
Both loud and long,  
That glorious name.

Here, gracious God, do thou  
For evermore draw nigh ;  
Accept each faithful prayer,  
And mark each suppliant sigh :  
In copious shower,  
On all who pray,  
Each holy day  
Thy blessings pour.

Here may we gain from heaven  
The grace which we implore,  
And may that grace, once given,  
Be with us evermore.  
Until that day  
When all the blest  
To endless rest  
Are called away.

Praise to the God of heaven,  
Praise to his only Son,  
And praise to Him be given  
Who joins them both in one :

The holy Dove,  
Who makes us meet  
For the blessed seat  
Of God above.

---

## PENITENTIAL HYMN.

(*Dies iræ, dies illa.* No. 107.)

Oh, that day of wrath dismayng,  
Banner of the cross displaying,  
Heaven and earth in ashes laying !

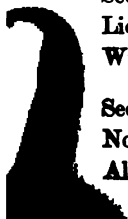
Who shall then refrain from fearing,  
When the Judge, in clouds appearing,  
Cometh for the awful hearing ?

Hark ! the trump with voice astounding,  
Through the hollow graves rebounding,  
The tremendous summons sounding !

See the world with terror shaken,  
When each creature shall awaken,  
That his trial may be taken.

See the book, wherein collected,  
Lie the sins of each detected,  
With their final doom connected.

See the Judge his sentence giving,  
Nothing undiscovered leaving,  
All their righteous doom receiving.



What shall I be then replying,  
To what friend for succour flying,  
When e'en saints for fear are sighing ?

Thou, great King of all salvation,  
Source of love, and free salvation,  
Thou shalt hear my supplication.

Oh ! remember, Lord of heaven,  
Thou for me to death was given ;  
Shall I then to hell be driven ?

Me with weary steps thou soughtest,  
Me with sufferings thou boughtest,  
Finish then the work thou wroughtest.

Thou who righteously repayest,  
Save me, turn me, while thou mayest,  
While my doom thou yet delayest.

Groanings from my heart out-breaking,  
Blushes deep my shame bespeaking,  
I thy mercy, Lord, am seeking.

Her the sinner thou forgavest,  
E'en the dying thief thou savest,  
Hope herein for me thou leavest.

Prayer alone cannot retrieve me,  
But do thou in love forgive me,  
And from endless flames relieve me.

With thy sheep do thou reward me,  
On thy right a place afford me,  
From the goats in mercy ward me.

When th' accursed, their sentence given  
Are to dreadful torments driven.  
Place my ransomed soul in heaven.

This I pray, devoutly sighing,  
Meekly on thy grace relying,  
Leave me not when I am dying.

On that day of wrath appalling,  
When, the world around him falling,  
Man shall come before thy throne,  
Oh! may mercy then be shewn ;  
Holy Jesu, Lord, we pray,  
May we rest with thee that day.

---

### THE FIRST OF MAY.

*(Te Deum Patrem colimus. No. 108.)*

ALMIGHTY Father, just and good,  
We humbly seek thy face :  
We praise thee for our daily food,  
And for thy gifts of grace.

O Jesu! we thy name adore,  
Thou Son of God most high,  
Who once for us didst not abhor  
Within the womb to lie.

Stretched on the cross, thou once didst bow  
    Neath sin's tremendous load,  
And thus, our only Saviour, thou  
    Didst bring us back to God.

And thou, blest Spirit, shall be praised,  
    Thou Comforter from heaven :  
To thee shall joyful songs be raised,  
    And endless thanks be given.

Triune Jehovah ! all unite,  
    Here and in realms above,  
To celebrate thy matchless might,  
    And thine eternal love.

---

## HYMNS FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION.

## HYMN I.

MY God, and is thy table spread,  
And doth thy cup with love o'erflow?  
Thither be all thy children led,  
And let them all thy sweetness know.

Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,  
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood,  
Thrice happy he, who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

Why are its dainties all in vain  
Before unwilling hearts displayed?  
Was not for you the victim slain,  
Are you forbid the children's bread?

Oh, let thy table honoured be,  
And furnished well with joyful guests;  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its sacred pledges tastes!

Let crowds approach, with hearts prepared,  
With hearts inflamed, let all attend:  
Nor when we leave our Father's board,  
The pleasure or the profit end.

Revive thy dying churches, Lord,  
And bid our drooping graces live ;  
And more, that energy afford  
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

---

## HYMN II.

THOU, God, all glory, honour, power,  
Art worthy to receive ;  
For all things by thy power were made,  
And by thy bounty live.

And worthy is the Lamb, all power,  
Honour and wealth to gain,  
Glory and strength ; who for our sins  
A sacrifice was slain.

All worthy Thou, who hast redeemed  
And ransomed us to God ;  
From every nation, every coast,  
By thy most precious blood.

Blessing and honour, glory, power,  
By all in earth and heaven,  
To Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to the Lamb, be given.

---



## HYMN III.

ALL ye, who faithful servants are  
Of our Almighty King,  
Both high and low, and small and great  
His praise devoutly sing.

Let us rejoice and render thanks  
To his most holy name ;  
Rejoice, rejoice, for now is come  
The marriage of the Lamb.

His bride herself hath ready made,  
How pure and white her dress !  
Which is her saints' integrity,  
And spotless holiness.

Oh ! therefore blessed is every one,  
Who to the marriage feast,  
And holy supper of the Lamb,  
Is made a welcome guest.

---

LAMENTATION OF A SINNER.

O LORD, turn not thy face away  
From him that lies prostrate,  
Lamenting sore his sinful life,  
Before thy mercy-gate.

Which thou dost open wide to those  
Who do lament their sin:  
Oh! shut it not against me, Lord,  
But let me enter in.

Call me not to a strict account,  
How I have lived here ;  
For then I know right well, O Lord,  
How vile I shall appear.

I need not to confess my life,  
For surely thou canst tell  
What I have been : and what I am  
Thou knowest very well.

O Lord, I need not to repeat  
What I do beg and crave,  
For thou dost know before I ask,  
The thing that I would have ;

Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,  
This is the total sum :  
For mercy, Lord, 'is all my suit,  
Oh, let thy mercy come.

---

ANOTHER.

O LORD, in Thee is all my trust,  
Give ear unto my woful cry,  
Refuse not me that am unjust,  
But, bowing down thy heavenly eye,

Behold how I do still lament  
My sins, wherein I do offend :  
O Lord, for them shall I be shent,  
Since thee to please I do intend?

Oh, no, not so thy will is bent,  
To deal with sinners in thine ire,  
But when in heart they shall repent,  
Thou grantest that which they desire ;  
To thee, therefore, I still shall cry,  
To wash away my sinful crime :  
Thy blood, O Lord, is not yet dry,  
But that it may give help in time.

Haste thee, O Lord, haste thee, I say,  
To pour on me the gifts of grace :  
That when this life shall fleet away,  
In heaven with Thee I may have place :  
Where thou dost reign eternally  
With God, our Saviour and our friend,  
Where angels sing continually  
“ Be praise to Thee, world without end.”

---

#### HYMN BEFORE SERMON.

Come, Holy Spirit, God of might,  
The Comforter of all,  
Teach us to know thy word aright,  
That we may never fall.

O Lord, that givest thy holy word,  
Send preachers plenteously :  
That in the same we may accord,  
And therein live and die.

Depart not from thy pastors pure,  
But aid them at their need,  
Who break to us the bread of life,  
Whereon our souls do feed.

O God of truth, maintain thy church  
In peace and unity :  
Keep us from sects and errors all,  
And from all heresy.

Convert all those that are thy foes,  
And bring them to thy light,  
That they and we may well agree,  
And praise thee day and night.

In our time give thy peace, O Lord,  
To nations far and nigh :  
And teach them all thy word, that they  
May sing to thee most high.

Amen.

## HYMNI ECCLESIASTICI

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### HYMNUS 1.

DIE, dierum principe  
Lux e tenebris eruta:  
Christus, sepulcri carcere  
Lux vera mundi prodiit.

Et mors, et horrendum Chaos,  
Vocem jubentis audiunt:  
Nos surdiores, Oh pudor,  
Deo pigebit obsequi?

Umbris sepulta dum jacet  
Natura, lucis filii  
Surgamus et noctem piis  
Exerceamus canticis.

Cœlestis abrumpat tuba  
Cordis soporem languidi,  
Novique mores exprimant  
Vitam resurgentis novam.

Hoc consequemur, Te duce  
Fons caritatis, Oh Deus,  
Qui legis addis literæ  
Vitæ datorem Spiritum.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,  
Par sit tibi laus, Spiritus,  
Afflante quo mentes sacris  
Lucent et ardent ignibus.

---

## HYMNUS 2.


AD templa nos rursus vocat  
Surgentis auroræ nitor:  
Novasque pro læto monet  
Referre grates munere.

At victor auroram suo  
Fulgore Christus obruit;  
Huic, magna cujus pars sumus,  
Juvat triumpho plaudere.

Quod evolutus fasciis  
Repente mundus extitit,  
Puro renidens lumine,  
Virtutis hoc quantæ fuit!

Quod traditum neci Pater  
Ut sontibus vitam daret  
Vitæ redonat Filium,  
Amoris hoc quanti fuit!

Æternus ut rerum Sator  
Aspexit orbem, protinus  
Colore depictum suo  
Probavit excellens opus.



At lætius quanto obtulit  
Sese Patri spectaculum,  
Cœlestis Agni candido  
Ablutus orbis sanguine.

Cum luce nobis redditur  
Mundi renascentis decor ;  
Occulta per quem numinis  
Mens surgit ad magnalia.

At splendor æterni Patris  
Lumenque Christus cordium,  
Deum dat in se, quantus est,  
Sub nube carnis cernere.

Præsta, beata Trinitas,  
Ut legis ad facem tuæ  
Vitemus omne quod vetas,  
Sectemur omne quod jubes.

---

### HYMNUS 3.

JAM lucis orto sidere  
Deum precemur supplices,  
Nostras ut ipse dirigat  
Lux increata semitas.

Nil lingua, nil peccet manus,  
Nil mens inane cogitet :  
In ore simplex veritas,  
In corde regnet caritas.

Incepta dum fluet dies  
Oh Christe, custos pervigil,  
Quas sævus hostis obsidet  
Portas tuere sensuum.

Præsta diurnus ut tuæ  
Subserviat laudi labor:  
Auctore quæ te cœpimus  
Da, te favente, prosequi.

✓ Superba ne nimis caro  
Mente licenter imperet,  
Carnis domet superbiam  
Potûs cibique parcitas.


✓ Deo Patri sit gloria,  
Ejusque soli Filio,  
Sancto simul cum Spiritu  
Nunc et per omne seculum.

---

#### HYMNUS 4.

OH Fons Amoris, Spiritus,  
Oh sancte donorum Parens,  
Tuas refusus intimis  
Accende flammæ cordibus.

Qui caritatis vinculo  
Cum Patre nectis Filium,  
Et nos amoris mutui  
Arctis coapta nexibus.





Deo Patri sit gloria,  
Ejusque soli Filio,  
Sancto simul cum Spiritu  
Nunc et per omne seculum.

---

## HYMNUS 5.

NUNC sancte nobis Spiritus  
Unum Patri cum Filio,  
Dignare promptus ingeri  
Nostro refusus pectori.

Os, lingua, mens, sensus, vigor,  
Confessionem personent:  
Flammescat igne caritas,  
Accendat ardor proximos.

Præsta, Pater piissime,  
Patrique compar unice,  
Cum Spiritu Paraclito,  
Regnans per omne seculum.

---

## HYMNUS 6.

JAM solis excelsum Jubar  
Toto coruscat lumine:  
Sinusque pandens aureos  
Ignita vibrat spicula.

Tu Christe qui mundum novā  
Sol verus, accendis face,  
Fac nostra plenam caritas  
Crescendo surgat ad diem.

Deo Patri sit gloria,  
Ejusque soli Filio,  
Sancto simul cum Spiritu  
Nunc et per omne seculum.

---

## HYMNUS 7.

RECTOR potens, verax Deus,  
Qui temperas rerum vices,  
Splendore mane illuminans,  
Et ignibus meridiem :

Extingue flammās litium,  
Aufer calorem noxium,  
Confer salutem corporum,  
Veramque pacem cordium.

Præsta, Pater piissime  
Patrique compar unice,  
Cum Spiritu Paraclito  
Regnans per omne seculum.

---

## HYMNUS 8.

LABENTE jam solis rotâ,  
Inclinat in noctem dies;  
Sic vita supremam cito  
Festinat ad metam gradu.

Oh Christe, dum fixus cruci  
Expandis orbi brachia,  
Amare da crucem; tuo  
Da nos in amplexu mori.

Deo Patri sit gloria  
Ejusque soli Filio,  
Sancto simul cum Spiritu  
Nunc et per omne seculum.

---

HYMNUS 9.

RERUM Deus tenax vigor,  
Immotus in te permanens,  
Lucis diurnæ tempora  
Successibus determinans.

Largire lumen vespere  
Quo vita nusquam decadat,  
Sed præmium mortis sacræ  
Perennis instet gloria.

Præsta, Pater piissime,  
Patrique compar Unice,  
Cum Spiritu Paraclito  
Regnans per omne seculum.

---

## HYMNUS 10.

Oh! luce qui mortalibus  
Lates inaccessâ, Deus,  
Præsente quo sancti tremunt  
Nubuntque vultus Angeli.

Hic, ceu profundâ conditi  
Demergemur caligine:  
Æternus at noctem suo  
Fulgore depellet dies.

Hunc nempe nobis præparas,  
Nobis reservas hunc diem:  
Quem vix adumbrat splendida  
Flammantis astri claritas.

Moraris heu nimis diu,  
Moraris optatus dies:  
Ut te fruamur, noxii  
Linquenda moles corporis.

His cum soluta vinculis  
Mens evolarit, Oh Deus,  
Videre te, laudare te,  
Amare te, non desinet.

—

Ad omne nos apta bonum  
Fœcunda donis Trinitas!  
Fac lucis usuræ brevi  
Æterna succedat dies.

---

## HYMNUS 11.

LUCIS Creator optime  
Lucem dierum proferens,  
Primordiis lucis novæ  
Mundi parans originem :

Qui mane junctum vesperi  
Diem vocari præcipis ;—  
Tetrum Chaos illabitur ;  
Audi preces cum fletibus.

Ne mens gravata crimine  
Vitæ sit exul munere,  
Dum nil perenne cogitat,  
Seseque culpis illigat.

Cœlorum pulset ostium ;  
Vitale tollat præmium :  
Vitemus omne noxium :  
Purgemus omne pessimum.

Præsta, Pater piissime,  
Patrique compar unice,  
Cum Spiritu Paraclito  
Regnans per omne seculum.

## HYMNUS 12.

IN noctis umbrâ desides  
Dum somnus artus occupat,  
Ad te, Deus, fidelibus  
Mens excubat suspiriis.

Desiderate gentibus,  
Verbum Patris, mundi salus,  
Audi preces gementium,  
Tandemque lapsos excita.

Adsis, Redemptor, et tuæ  
Plebis relaxans crimina,  
Adæ scelus quas clauserat,  
Reclude cœlestes domos.

Qui liberator advenis,  
Fili, tibi laus maxima,  
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,  
In sempiterna secula.

---

## HYMNUS 13.

MUNDI salus qui nasceris  
Jesu puer, nos respice ;  
Da moribus castis tuam  
Referre nos infantiam.

Fessos diurno dum levat  
Labore nocturnus sopor,  
Defende, Pastor, bestiis  
Tuas ab infestis oves.

Qui natus es de Virgine  
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,  
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,  
In sempiterna secula.

---

## HYMNUS 14.

GRATES peracto jam die  
Deus, tibi persolvimus:  
Pronoque dum nox incipit,  
Prosternimus vultu preces.

Quod longa peccavit dies,  
Amarus expiet dolor:  
Somno gravatis ne nova  
Infligat hostis vulnera.

Infestus usque circuit  
Quærens leo quem devoret:  
Umbrâ sub alarum tuos  
Defende filios, Pater.

Oh! quando lucescet tuus  
Qui nescit occasum dies;  
Oh! quando sancta se dabit  
Quæ nescit hostem, patria?

Deo Patri sit gloria,  
Ejusque soli Filio,  
Sancto simul cum Spiritu,  
Nunc et per omne seculum.

---

## HYMNUS 15.


Oh Splendor æterni Patris,  
Tu Christe, qui verus dies,  
Et vera lux de lumine  
Mentis fugas caliginem :

En solis abscessit jubar,  
Noctisque succedunt vices :  
Qui prosperum donas diem,  
Da tuta noctis otia.

Si clausa torpent lumina,  
Suspiret ad te mens vigil,  
Potente qui te diligunt  
Servos tuere dexterâ.

Tu quos molesti corporis  
Gravis retardat sarcina,  
Fac mentis alis libero  
Sursûm volatu tendere.

O spes salutis unica  
Votis adesto supplicum ;  
Defende quos mercatus es  
Mercede fusi sanguinis.





Deo Patri sit gloria,  
Ejusque soli Filio,  
Sancto simul cum Spiritu,  
Nunc et per omne seculum.

---

## HYMNUS 16.

Jesu, redemptor seculi,  
Qui tertio post funera  
Redux ab inferis die  
Mortem resurgendo necas ;

Nox atra jam terras premet,  
Mergetque somno lumina :  
Hostis furorem perfidi  
Artesque cæcas disjice.

Ut justa dum curas levat  
Et corpus instaurat quies,  
Sic membra somnus occupet  
Ne corda torpor opprimat.

Da, Christe, nos tecum mori,  
Tecumque da resurgere :  
Terrena da contemnere,  
Amare da cœlestia.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,  
Qui nos, triumphatâ nece,  
Ad astra secum dux vocat,  
Compar tibi laus, Spiritus.

## HYMNUS 17.

DEI canamus gloriam,  
Cœlum secundo qui die  
Expandit, admirabile  
Mortalibus spectaculum.

Poli stupemus alveo  
Stagnare pensiles lacus :  
Hinc imbre terras fertili  
Cœlestis irrorat Pater.

Quam præparas nobis, Deus  
Hæc est imago gratiæ :  
Hæc rore stillans uberi  
Cordis penetrat intima.

Hanc qui fideli combibunt  
Aquam salubrem pectore,  
In his ad æternas domos  
Miro resultat impetu.

Beata gens, quam prodigâ  
Ditare non cessas manu !  
Amoris hæc memor tui,  
Amoris et reddat vices.

Deo Patri sit gloria  
Ejusque soli Filio,  
Sancto simul cum Spiritu  
In sempiterna secula.

## HYMNUS 18.

NIL laudibus nostris eges,  
Sed filios amas, Pater,  
Multaque cœlestem prece  
Vis provocari gratiam.

Tui profunda consili  
Noctis canat silentium ;  
Tuæ jubar clementiæ  
Splendor diei prædicat.

Tantis minor miraculis  
Mens obstupet, vox deficit :  
Tacere sed totis nequit  
Amor medullis æstuans.

Erumpat ergo : te memor  
Clamet parentem, qui mala  
Præsentis ævi mitigas,  
Spondes futuri præmia.

Huc vota tendunt cordium,  
Infirma sed tardat caro :  
Quæ ducit ad te, da sequi  
Dux ipse Jesu, semitam.

---

## HYMNUS 19.

JACTAMUR heu quot fluctibus!  
Spes una de cœlo nitet:  
Illuc et ora tollimus,  
Et mittimus suspiria.

Tu vota præcurris, Pater,  
Magnamque protendis manum:  
Jam fulta tanto robore  
Surgit potens infirmitas.

Quæ sæva nos premunt mala  
Vinces, malis potentior:  
Te nostra duræ sentiet  
Mens servitutis vindicem.

Felix labor quem recreas  
Tam splendidâ rerum vice:  
Fletu quis æternam brevi  
Neget pacisci gloriam?

Sit laus Patri: laus Filio,  
Utrumque qui nectis, Deus  
Utrique compar, sit tibi  
Laus sempiternus, Spiritus.

## HYMNUS 20.

JUBES, et in præceps aquis  
Repente confluentibus,  
Prodit sub auras humidis  
Exuta velis arida.

Hanc tu colendam qui tuis  
Pater, dedisti filiis,  
Quos unus orbis continet,  
Fac una jungat caritas.

Nunc exulamus; sed tuam  
Mox congregabis in domum  
Te Patre dignos, qui pio  
Amore fratres vixerint.

At qui malignis artibus  
Linguisque lædunt proximum,  
A te repelles: hoc genus  
Cœlestis aula non capit.

Adoptionem nos tamen  
Efflagitamus integram,  
Cui nos sacrato Spiritus  
Prædestinavit pignore.

Æterna laus et gloria  
Uni sit et trino Deo,  
Diffusa per quem cordibus  
Fraterna regnat caritas.

## HYMNUS 21.

Te principem summo, Dens,  
Jubes Amore diligi:  
Tibi secundum protinus  
Jubes amari proximum.

Amore fundatam tuo  
Communionem respice;  
Quâ corpus unum plurimi  
Unum cor, una mens sumus.

Illam fides et veritas  
Amabili stipant choro;  
Obliquus hinc livor procul  
Et litis ardor exulant.

Tu pacis auctor, mutuos  
Astringe nexus: da, Pater,  
Gaudere fratrum gaudiis  
Da condolere fletibus.

Æterna laus et gloria  
Uni sit et trino Deo,  
Qui moris unius sacrâ  
Nos pacis in domo locat.

---

## HYMNUS 22.

OH, quam juvat fratres, Deus,  
Unum quibus Christus caput  
Vitale robur sufficit,  
Uno moveri spiritu!

Quàm dulce laudes dicere  
Unâ tibi cunctos domo,  
Precumque ceu factâ manu  
Inferre vim gratam tibi!

Hanc quisque diligit domum,  
Hanc pace concors recreet:  
Væ dira qui spargit mala  
Dissentionum semina!

Sed damna cedunt in lucra  
Te, Christe, diligentibus;  
Augent coronas prælia,  
Prosuntque, dum nocent, mali.

Præsta, beata Trinitas,  
Ut caritate mutuâ  
Prosimus alter alteri,  
Regnemus et polo simul.

---

## HYMNUS 23.

MIRAMUR, Oh Deus, tuæ  
Recens opus potentiae,  
Quæ scripta scintillantibus  
Refulget astrorum globis.

Ut sol diei, candida  
Sic luna nocti præsidet:  
Exercitu totum novo  
Discriminant stellæ polum.

At ipse, cœlorum decus,  
Sol novit occasus suos,  
Sunt certa lunæ tempora  
Statique lapsus siderum.

Jugi rotata turbine  
Furantur et reddunt diem:  
Tu semper idem, nescius  
Mortalium spem fallere.

Turbata quid mens fluctuat?  
Curâ paternâ nos regis:  
Æterna sit cordi salus;  
Æterna nos salus manet.

Suprema laus et gloria  
Uni sit et trino Deo,  
Suo reponi qui jubet  
Curas et angores sinu.



## HYMNUS 24.

PROMITTIS, et servas datam  
Immobilis fidem, Deus :  
Hanc mane primo sedulâ  
Reposcimus fidem prece.

Promittit atque decipit  
Incertus et fallax homo :  
Sic quassa, si incumbas super,  
Arundo transfigat manum.

Beatus ergo, qui tuo  
Se totus abdit in sinu :  
Hâc arce tutum turbinis  
Vis nulla de statu quatit.

Ne cor vacillet, obligas  
Temet sacramento, Deus :  
Spes nixa tanto pignore  
Æterna jam prensat bona.

Jam mente præsumens polum  
Secura sublimi throno  
Assistit, et celestium  
Prælibat undas fluminum.

Fons Oh perennis gratiæ  
Colenda semper Trinitas,  
Te spem salutis unicam  
Da mente totâ quærere.

## HYMNUS 25.

HORRES superbos, nec tuam  
Das alteri laudem, Deus:  
Humana nil isthinc sibi  
Decerpat arrogantia.

Ingrata quippe mens tuæ  
Fluenta sistit gratiæ,  
Tristique marcescit statim  
Ceu gramen exustum siti.

Ut servus in manus heri  
Intenta figit lumina,  
Sic ora sacris montibus  
Non dimovemus anxii.

Desideratam si dare  
Opem moraris, spes tamen  
Tenacis instar anchoræ  
Immota fundat pectora.

Sit summa Patri gloria,  
Sit summa Nato, qui dedit  
Nobis futuræ Spiritum  
Hereditatis obsidem.

---

## HYMNUS 26.

ISDEM creati fluctibus  
Pisces natant, volant aves :  
Utrumque mortali genus  
Paratur esca corpori.

Menti sed æterna cibus  
Paratur alter : hæc Dei  
Sermone vivit : hanc fovet  
Cœlestis et nutrit fides.

Quæsita Christi sanguine  
Manavit in terras fides,  
Et impiarum pectora  
Victrix subegit gentium.

Sancti leonum per fidem  
Mulsere rugitus : truces  
Fregere regnantium minas,  
Risere stridentes rogos.

Hâc luce signatum, Deus  
Calcere dona tramitem,  
Et caritatis uberes  
Fructus eundo carpere.

Deo Patri sit gloria,  
Ejusque soli Filio,  
Sancto simul cum Spiritu  
Nunc et per omne seculum.

## HYMNUS 27.

DIGNAS quis, O Deus, tibi  
Laudes rependat, qui tuo  
Pelles tenebras mentium,  
Salutis et monstras viam.

Tu quam jubes, donas fidem :  
Hæc cultui præest tuo :  
Hæc mentis errores fugat.  
Hæc corda sursum dirigit.

Te destituta spiritu  
Nil pompa sacrorum juvat :  
Secreta puri blandiùs  
Tibi litabunt pectoris.

Vox inde cordi consona  
Vectigal exsolvat suum,  
Et ad salutem libero  
Prometur ore veritas.

Oh! qui superbos respuis,  
Et simplices amas, Deus,  
Ut crescat in nobis fides  
Cordis tumorem comprime.

Sit summa Patri gloria,  
Sit Summa Nato, qui fidem  
Cruore fundavit suo :  
Par sit tibi laus, Spiritus.

## HYMNUS 28.

OH! fortis, oh! clemens Deus,  
Salutis auctor, tu fidem  
Nostris potenter insere  
Germen salutis, cordibus.

Hinc omne robur ducimus;  
Hæc arma nobis; hęc manus  
Protecta scuto flammea  
Retundet hostis spicula.

Hinc fundimus preces tibi  
Sacri sub umbrâ nominis  
Quo nititur spes omnium  
Uno salutis pignore.

Placatus illo nomine  
Labantibus feres opem  
Dabisque sanctam degener  
Ne vita deturpet fidem.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,  
Par sit tibi laus, Spiritus:  
Infusa per quem cordibus,  
Relucet imis veritas.

---

## HYMNUS 29.

JAM sanctius moves opus,  
Tecum, Deus, deliberans:  
Mundo recenti Principem,  
Tibique præconem paras.

Homo créatur: hunc sacro  
Cœlestis oris habitu  
Succendis, et vivam tui  
Spirare das imaginem.

Ergo per omnes æquoris  
Telluris omnes et sinus  
Regnabit; at memor sui  
Deo minorem se gerat.

Heu cœca cordis pravitas!  
Jugum rebellis excutit:  
Deo superbus nec timet  
Æquare pulvis verticem.

Hinc quanta luctuum cohors  
Incumbit orbi perdito!  
Oh Christe, ni feras opem  
Spes ipsa sotes deseret.

Qui nos creavit, laus Patri:  
Qui nos redemit, Filio;  
Cujus movemur habitu  
Par sit tibi laus, Spiritus.

## HYMNUS 30.

ULTRICIBUS nos undique  
Dum saucias telis, Deus,  
Quis ferre te præter, queat  
Mœrentibus solatium?

Mundus facessat : nil opis  
Favore præstat futili  
Fallacibus quin asperat  
Alitque fomentis malum.

Flagella nos terrent tua,  
Non illa spem demunt tamen :  
Quæ ferre nos jubes, Pater,  
Fiunt medela vulnerum.

Quid ergo cessas ? ingruunt  
Intus forisque proelia :  
Hostine præda mens erit  
Christi redempta sanguine ?

Audis precantes, anxie  
Spes blanda jam menti redit :  
Oh Christe, tetros mors tua  
Mortis pavores discutit.

Sit Trinitati gloria  
Quæ sic flagellis quos amat  
Exercet, ut clementiæ  
Rursùm recordetur suæ.

## HYMNUS 31.

LUGETE, pacis angeli,  
Mortalis en ultro Deus,  
Culpæ gerens imaginem  
Pœnam nocentûm sustinet.

Amoris Oh, Miraculum!  
Oh, cordis humani stupor!  
Insons Deus neci datur:  
Pigebit et sontes pati?

Nos sempiternis crux tua  
Oh Christe, flammis eruit:  
Hic ure vindex, hinc seca,  
Parcas in æternum modo.

Caro reclamât: sed Patris  
Urget voluntas; nos tuâ  
Virtute da fortes sequi  
Jesu, quod exemplo doces.

Livore sanatos tuo  
Tuoque lotos sanguine  
Peccando ne novam sinas  
Parare nos tibi crucem.

Qui Filium tradit, Patri,  
Natoque sit laus victimæ:  
Par sit tibi laus, qui sacram  
Succendis aram, Spiritus.



## HYMNUS 32.

TANDEM peractis, oh Deus!  
Sexto dierum limite,  
Ponis modum laboribus,  
Orbique plaudis condito.

At dum perenni septimam  
Lucem quieti consecras,  
En te reposcit denuo  
Novus creatorem labor.

Te cuncta nempe prædicant;  
Te terra, pontus, sidera,  
Cantu celebrant æmulo:  
Peccator unus dissonat.

Tu pectus aufer saxeum,  
Tu carneum pectus crea:  
Et caritatis uberes  
Fructus canent hymnum tibi.

Hæc te juvant præconia,  
Si facta voci consonent:  
Sic efficaci flectitur  
Divina majestas prece

Æterna laus et gloria  
Uni sit et trino Deo:  
Qui cuncta nutu condidit,  
Nutuque servat condita.

## HYMNUS 33.

RERUM Creator omnium,  
Nostros labores adjuva :  
Ut casta Christi nomine  
Nos vita dignos arguet.

Tu nempe sanctus et potens,  
Placere das solus tibi :  
Tu legis auctor das sequi  
Quod lege præmonstras iter.

Cingunt iter pericula,  
Tu lubricos firma pedes ;  
Et certiore fervidi.  
Pergemus ad metam gradu.

Oh ! meta felix, pax ubi  
Et vera nos manet quies :  
Ubi voluptatis sacro  
Torrente potabis tuos.

Te mens, Oh alma Trinitas,  
Anhelat ardens, te sitit :  
Tua redemptis gratiâ  
Æterna redde præmia.

---

## HYMNUS 34.

SUPREME motor cordium,  
Tu sanctitatis frugibus  
Justos ab orbe condito  
Tenore ditas perpeti.

Hic spes fides et caritas  
Dulci cohærent vinculo :  
Præsentis ævi post diem  
Manebit una caritas.

Oh caritas ! oh veritas !  
Oh lux perennis ! en erit  
Post tot labores, ut tuo  
Tandem fruamur Sabbato ?

Hic mille per discrimina  
Semen gementes spargimus :  
Illic ovante splendidam  
Gestabimus messem manu.

Tu trine, tu Potens Deus,  
Fructus adauge quos petis :  
Mox dona, justus arbiter  
Cœlo coronabis tua.

---

## HYMNUS 35.

SPLendor paternæ gloriæ,  
De luce lucem proferens,  
Lux lucis, et fons luminis,  
Diem dies illuminans :

Verusque Sol illabere,  
Micans nitore perpeti,  
Jubarque Sancti Spiritus  
Infunde nostris sensibus.

Votis vocemus et Patrem,  
Patrem perennis gloriæ,  
Patrem potentis gratiæ,  
Culpam releget lubricam.

Confirmet actus strenuos  
Dentem retundat invidi,  
Causa secundet asperos,  
Donet gerendi gratiam.

Mentem gubernet et regat,  
Castos fideli corpore,  
Fides calore ferveat,  
Fraudis venena nesciat.

Christusque nobis sit cibus,  
Potusque noster sit fides,  
Læti bibamus sobriam  
Ebrietatem Spiritûs.

Lætus dies hic transeat,  
Pudor sit ut diluculum,  
Fides velut meridies,  
Crepusculum mens nesciat.

Aurora cursus provehit,  
Aurora totus prodeat:  
In Patre totus Filius,  
Et totus in Verbo Pater.

---

HYMNUS 36.

INSTANTIS adventum Dei  
Poscamus ardenti prece,  
Festisque munus inclytum  
Præoccupemus canticis.

Æterna proles foeminæ  
Non horret includi sinu;  
Fit ipse servus, ut jugo  
Nos servitutis eximat.

Mansuetus et clemens venit:  
Occurre, festina, Zion,  
Ultrò tibi quam porrigit  
Ne dura pacem respuas.

Mox nube clarâ fulgurans  
Mundi redibit arbiter,  
Suique membra corporis  
Cœlo triumphator vehet.

Fœtus tenebrarum die  
Cedant propinquo crimina :  
Adam reformetur vetus,  
Imago succedat novi.

Qui liberator advenis  
Fili, tibi laus maxima  
Cum Patre et almo Spiritu,  
In sempiterna secula.

---

HYMNUS 37.

JORDANIS oras prævia  
Vox ecce Baptistæ quatit :  
Præconis ad grandes sonos  
Ignavus abscedat sopor.

Auctoris adventum sui  
Tellus et æther et mare  
Prægestiente sentiunt  
Et jam salutant gaudio.

Mundemus et nos pectora :  
Deo propinquanti viam  
Sternamus et dignam domum  
Tanto paremus hospiti.

Tu nostra, tu, Jesu salus,  
Tu robur et solatium,  
Arens ut herba, te sine  
Mortale tabescit genus.

*Agris salutarem manum  
Extende ; prostratos leva :  
Ostende vultum, jam suus  
Mundo reflorescet decor.*

*Qui liberator advenis  
Fili, tibi laus maxima,  
Cum Patre et almo Spiritu,  
In sempiterna secula.*

---

## HYMNUS 38.

*STATUTA decreto Dei  
Tandem propinquant tempora :  
Emptus tot annorum morâ  
Affulget è cœlo dies.*

*Patris nefando crimine  
Protes jacebat saucia  
In mortis umbrâ conditum  
Sedebat humanum genus.*

*Heu quis ruinæ tam gravis  
Sarcire damna, quæ manus  
Afferre tam gravi queat  
Parem medelam vulneri.*

*Tu Christe, tu solus tuo  
Delapsus è throno Deus  
Imagini potes tuæ  
Formam decusque reddere.*

Rorate, Cœli, desuper,  
Justumque fœcundo sinu  
Complexa tellus, perdito  
Orbi salutem germinet.

Sit sempiterna laus tibi,  
Verbum Patris factum caro,  
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,  
Nunc et per omne seculum.

---

HYMNUS 39.

VERBUM supernum prodiens,  
E Patris exiens sinu,  
Qui natus orbi subvenis,  
Labente cursu temporis:

Illumina nunc pectora,  
Tuoque amore concrema;  
Ut cor vacans inanibus  
Cœli voluptas impleat;

Ut cùm Tribunal judicis  
Damnabit igni noxios,  
Et vox amica debitum  
Vocabit ad cœlum pios,

Non esca flammæ nigræ  
Volvamur inter turbines,  
Vultu Dei sed compotes  
Cœli fruamur gaudiis.



Patri, simulque Filio  
Tibique, Sancte Spiritus,  
Sicut fuit, sit jugiter  
Secum per omne gloria.

---

## HYMNUS 40.

Missum Redemptorem polo,  
Novumque totus, quâ patet,  
Adoret orbis principem  
Natum Mariâ virgine.

Quod ante mundi tempora  
Verbum Patris prodit sinu,  
Obnoxius nunc tempori  
Mortalis infans nascitur.

Fœno cubare sustinet,  
Præsepe non horret Deus,  
Et indiget lactis cibo  
Cibus perennis Cœlitum.

Quæ cardines mundi rotant  
Manus ligantur fasciis;  
Imbellis et plorans jacet,  
Ut nos jacentes erigat.

Judex futurus seculi,  
Nunc blandus ad cunas vocat:  
Amore tanto, mutui  
Amoris exposcit vices.

Qui natus es de Virgine,  
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,  
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,  
In sempiterna secula.

---

## HYMNUS 41.

JAM desinant suspiria ;  
Audivit ex alto Deus,  
Cœli patescunt ; en adest  
Promissa pax mortalibus.

Profunda noctis otia  
Cœlestis abruptit chorus,  
Natumque festo carmine  
Annunciat terris Deum.

Specum sacratam pervigil  
Dum turba pastorum subit,  
Eamus, et castis pia  
Cunis feramus oscula.

At quale nobis panditur  
Intrantibus spectaculum ;  
Præsepe, fœnum, fasciæ,  
Parens inops, infans puer.

Tunc ille, Christe, Filius,  
Et splendor æterni Patris ?  
Illumne cerno, qui levi  
Orbem pugillo sustinet ?

Sic est: verenda queis lates  
Fides penetrat nubila:  
Agnosco quem proni vident  
Tremunt, adorant angeli.

Agis magistrum vel jacens,  
Ex hâc cathedrâ nos docens  
Vitare quod carni placet,  
Caro quod horret, perpeti.

Castos amores nutriens,  
Sanans tumentes spiritus,  
Divine nostris, O Puer,  
Præcordiis innascere.

---

HYMNUS 42.

ADESTE fideles, læti triumphantes,  
Venite, Venite in Bethlehem:  
Natum videte, Regem Angelorum,  
Venite, adoremus Domino.

Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine,  
Gestant puellæ viscera;  
Deum verum, genitum non factum,  
Venite, adoremus Domino.

Cantet nunc Io, chorus Angelorum,  
Cantet nunc aula Cœlitum:  
Gloria in excelsis Deo, venite,  
Venite, adoremus Domino.

Ergo qui natus die hodiernâ  
Jesu, tibi sit gloria:  
Patris æterni verbum caro factum:  
Venite, adoremus Domino.

---

## HYMNUS 43.

JESU, redemptor omnium,  
Summi Parentis unice,  
Qui solus ante secula  
Patri Deo par nasceris.

Tu nostra pax et gloria,  
Spes una tu mortalium;  
Intende quas tibi preces  
De cordis arâ fundimus.

Qui corporis nostri volens  
Nascendo formam suscipis  
Divinitatis nos simul  
Das esse consortes tuæ.

Ad illud evectos decus  
Tuere fratres, degener  
Ne vita sontes pristinam  
In vilitatem deprimat.

Nunc ergo terra, nunc polus  
Vastique tractus æquoris  
Qui te dedit festis Patrem  
Laudare certent canticis.

Et nos perennis oh quibus  
Salutis auctor nasceris,  
Faustum triumphali juvat  
Ornare concentu Diem.

Qui natus es de Virgine  
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,  
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,  
In sempiterna secula.

---

HYMNUS 44.

QUID, obstinata pectora,  
Verbo Dei resistitis?  
Qui vos Deo plenus docet  
Hunc destinatis funeri.

Omnes in unum sæviunt,  
Saxis gravant truces manus,  
Hunc particeps Saulus necis  
Per omnium dextras petit.

Quid hoc! repente panditur  
Stellata Cœli Regia,  
Ad dexteram Patris videt  
Sublime stantem Filium.

Non deseris, Dux, Militem,  
Quem, Christe, spectans roboras:  
Stas arbiter certaminis,  
Futurus ipse præmium.

Deo mori sub iudice  
Pugnantis est victoria :  
Dum grando saxorum pluit,  
Nil sentit affixus polo.

Mens nempe largo vividæ  
Torrente lucis ebria,  
Nil corporis memor sui  
Jam se beatis inserit.

Qui natus es de Virgine,  
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,  
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,  
In sempiterna secula.

---

HYMNUS 45.

Jussu Tyranni pro fide  
Pulsus, Johannes, exulas :  
Fertur volatu libero  
Mens celsa supra sidera.

Illic revelat se tibi  
Qui mortuus vivit Deus ;  
Agnus salutis hostia,  
Et morte devictâ Leo.

Arcana te vatem docet  
Regni sui mysteria,  
Pandit cruore martyrum  
Ubique spargendam fidem.

Da, Christe, nos tecum mori,  
Tecum simul da surgere :  
Terrena da contemnere,  
Amare da celestia.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,  
Qui nos, triumphatâ nece,  
Ad astra secum dux vocat,  
Compar tibi laus, Spiritus.

---

HYMNUS 46.

SALVETE, flores Martyrum,  
In lucis ipso lumine  
Quos sævus ensis messuit,  
Ceu turbo nascentes rosas.

Vos prima Christi victima,  
Grex immolatorum tener,  
Aram sub ipsam simplices  
Palmâ et coronis luditis.

Quid proficit tantum nefas ?  
Quid crimen Herodem juvat ?  
Unus tot inter funera  
Impune Christus tollitur.

Inter cœvi sanguinis  
Fluenta solus integer,  
Ferrum quod orbat nurus  
Partus fefellit virginis.

Qui natus es de Virgine  
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,  
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,  
In sempiterna secula.

---

## HYMNUS 47.

MOLLES in agnos ceu lupus,  
Amens Tyrannus irruit;  
Et destinat promiscuâ  
In strage Christum perdere.

Cunæ redundant sanguine  
Sed in Deum frustra furit:  
Unum petit tot mortibus  
Mortes tot unus effugit.

Matres, querelis parcite:  
Quid rapta fletis pignora?  
Agnum salutis obsidem  
Denso sequuntur agmine.

Qui natus es de Virgine  
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,  
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,  
In sempiterna secula.

---



## HYMNUS 48.

FELIX dies, quam proprio  
Jesu cruore consecrat !  
Felix dies, quâ gestiit  
Opus salutis aggredi.

Vix natus ecce lacteum  
Profundit infans sanguinem :  
Libamen est hoc funeris,  
Amoris hoc præludium.

Intrans in orbem, jam Patris  
Mandata jussus exsequi,  
Statum præoccupat diem,  
Et quâ potest, fit Victima.

Quo Christus ictu læditur,  
Lex abrogata concidit :  
Et incipit lex sanctior,  
Mansura semper caritas.

Tu Christe, quod non est tuum,  
Nostro recide pectore ;  
Inscribe nomen, intimis  
Inscribe legem cordibus.

Qui natus es de Virgine,  
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,  
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,  
In sempiterna secula.

## HYMNUS 49.

VICTIS sibi cognomina  
Sumant Tyranni gentibus:  
Tu, Christe, quanto dignius  
Ab his capis quos liberas!

Non alterum mortalibus  
Ægris quod invocent datum,  
Resurgerent quo mortui,  
Perenne per quod viverent.

Tanti quod illi constitit,  
Toto quod emptum sanguine  
Nostro ne rursus crimine  
Insana gens delebimus?

Sacro pati pro nomine  
Summi sit instar muneris:  
Amara non mors amplius,  
Fit mors per hoc amabilis.

Tu qui vocari sustines  
Jesu, salus mortalium,  
Audi vocantes nos, tuo  
Qui gloriamur nomine.

Qui natus es de Virgine,  
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,  
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,  
In sempiterna secula.

## HYMNUS 50.

VERBUM quod ante secula  
Sinu paterno nasceris,  
Recens homo sub tempore  
E virginis prodis sinu.

Jam dura discis perpeti  
Quæ ferre par sotes fuit :  
Orbis saluti, fletibus  
Prælude in cunis puer.

Fis pauper, indigentia  
Nos et tuâ detescimus :  
Luges, tuis et lacrymis  
Totum lavas mundi scelus.

Pannis opertus vilibus  
Lates, recumbens in specu :  
Homo, superbis, et Deum  
Panni, specus, non dedecet ?

A Patre missus, perdit  
Qui factus es mundi salus,  
Jesu, perire ne sinas  
Tot quos emis laboribus.

Qui natus es de Virgine,  
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,  
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,  
In sempiterna secula.

## HYMNUS 51.

DIVINE crescebas Puer,  
Crescendo discebas mori,  
Hæc destinata tunc erant  
Mortis tuæ præludia.

Satus Deo, volens tegi,  
Elegit obscurum Patrem ;  
Qui fecit æternis domos,  
Domo latet sub paupere.

Cælum manus quæ sustinent  
Fabrile contrectant opus:  
Supremus astrorum Parens  
Fit ipse vilis artifex.

Tremenda cujus præpetes  
Mandata portant Spiritus,  
Cui pronus orbis subditur,  
Se sponte fabro subjicit.

Qui natus es de Virgine, '  
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,  
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,  
In sempiterna secula.

## HYMNI 52.

CHRISTUS tenebris obstitit  
Lustrando Judæam docet:  
Gens obstinato pectore  
Christum docentem respuit.

Sese Deum signis probat;  
Surgunt sepulcris corpora:  
Erepta muto vox redit,  
Claudo gradus, cæco dies.

Gens dura, flecti nescia,  
Aures sacris sermonibus  
Obturat, et solem fugit,  
Amore noctis perdita.

Nos lumen ambimus, Patris  
In quo refulget claritas:  
Ne mentibus subrepere  
Tetram sinas caliginem.

Nunquam recedas a piis  
Lux sempiterna cordibus;  
Te veritate fulgeant,  
Te caritate ferveant.

Qui natus es de Virgine  
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,  
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu.  
In sempiterna secula.

HYMNUS 53.

Quæ stella sole pulcrior  
Coruscat? hæc Regis novi  
Revelat ortus: hæc Dei  
Præsignat ad cunas iter.

Stat vatibus priscis fides,  
En Stella surgit ex Jacob:  
Arrectus ad spectaculum  
Eous orbis emicat.

Dum sidus admonet foris,  
Lux fulget intus clarior:  
Suadetque vi blandâ magos  
Signi datorem quærere.

Segnes amor nescit moras:  
Labor, pericla, nil movent;  
Domum, propinquos, patriam  
Deo vocante, deserunt.

Micante dum nos allicis,  
Oh Christe, Stellâ gratiæ,  
Ne tarda cœlesti sinas  
Obstare corda lumini.

Qui lumen est, sit laus Patri  
Qui se revelat gentibus,  
Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,  
Par sit tibi laus, Spiritus.

## HYMNUS 54.

CLAMANTIS ECCE VOX SONANS  
Deserta Judææ quatit :  
Mox ad Johannem confluunt  
Quos criminum moles gravat.

En ipse permistus reis  
Accedit agnus innocens :  
Agnus suo qui sanguine  
Piabit orbis crimina.

Sub nube carnis at suum  
Lucerna Solem detegit :  
Lymphis nec audet tingere  
A quo lavari debuit.

Parere sed fas est Deo,  
Vel quando sese deprimit ;  
Hunc omne virtutum genus  
Implere nempe sic decet.

Agnosce, Præcursor, tibi  
Intus revelat quem Deus :  
Tu mergis undis corpora,  
Hic corda mundat spiritu.

Mundi scelus qui diluis,  
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,  
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,  
In sempiterna secula.

## HYMNUS 55.

EMERGIT undis, et Deo  
Fundit preces homo Deus :  
Patet polorum regia,  
Adest repente spiritus.

Instar columbæ, vertici  
Illapsus insidet sacro :  
Summi Patris vox personat,  
Dilectus hic est filius.

Christi dicata corpore  
Sic quem lavacra consecrant,  
Hic nascitur proles Dei,  
Cælum precanti panditur.

Castis fit, expers sordibus,  
Columba simplex moribus,  
Divinus hunc intus regit,  
Alit, foveatque Spiritus.

Oh Christe, sacri gurgitis  
Quos abluisti fontibus  
Tuo cruore candidos  
Fac nulla labes inquinet.

Mundi scelus qui diluis,  
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,  
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,  
In sempiterna secula.

---



## HYMNUS 56.

TE læta, mundi conditor,  
Unum manet semper quies:  
Festiva cœlestes choros  
Semper decent præconia.

Nos sanctitate perditâ,  
Pœnalis expectat labor,  
Hymnos ne dulcis patriæ  
Mœsti canamus exules?

Qui te piis placabilem  
Spondes futurum fletibus,  
Lugere da longi, Pater,  
Delicta causas exuli.

Verum salubrem temperet  
Spe nixa mœrorem fides:  
Tu mox quieti nos tuæ  
Lætisque reddes canticis.

Sit summa Patri gloria,  
Ejusque soli Filio,  
Sancto simul cum Spiritu,  
Nunc et per omne seculum.

---

## HYMNUS 57.

REBUS creatis nil egens  
Temet beatus, nunc tuo  
Prodis ab arcano, Deus  
Mundoque das primordia.

Tu cuncta quæ non sunt, vocas,  
Et illa se sistunt tibi;  
Miroque concentu, suo  
Dant conditori gloriam.

At mundus è sinu tuo  
Dum prodit spectabilis,  
Augustiorem cogitas  
Mundum, Creator, alterum.

Illum Redemptor artifex  
Virtutibus condet suis  
Sparsoque terris omnibus  
Verbi potentis semine.

Illum, peractis sæculis  
Cœlo locabit, et Throni  
Mensæque consortem suæ  
Deo redonabit Patri.

Utrique mundo qui præes  
Utrumque conserva, Pater:  
Utrumque, Fili, dirige,  
Utrumque, Flamen, consecra.

## HYMNUS 58.

Vos ante Christi tempora  
Christi fideles asseclæ,  
Verenda justorum cohors,  
Primique credentium Patres ;

Vestram quis oh dignis queat  
Efferre laudibus fidem ?  
Crebros anhelantis spei  
Quis explicet suspiritus ?

Hic exules, hic advenæ  
Mundi figuram spernitis :  
Non literâ, sed spiritu  
Promissa pensatis bona.

Intenta mens uni Deo  
Respectat æternas domos ;  
Fac Christe, nos veram quoque  
Desiderare patriam.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,  
Utrumque qui nectis, Deus  
Utrique compar, sit tibi  
Laus sempiterna, Spiritus.

---

## HYMNUS 59.

ALLELUIA, dulce carmen,  
Vox perennis gaudii,  
Alleluia vox suavis,  
Est choris celestibus,  
Quem canunt, Dei manentes  
In domo per secula.

Alleluia læta mater  
Concinis Jerusalem,  
Alleluia vox tuorum  
Civium gaudentium :  
Exules nos flere cogunt  
Babylonis flumina.

Alleluia non meremur  
Nunc perenne psallere,  
Alleluia nos reatus  
Cogit intermittere,  
Tempus instat, quo peracta  
Lugeamus crimina.

Unde laudando precamur  
Te beata Trinitas,  
Ut tuum nobis videre  
Pascha des in æthere,  
Quo tibi læti canamus  
Alleluia jugiter.

---

## HYMNUS 60.

Quod lex adumbravit vetus,  
Quod ipse sacravit novi  
Christus minister fœderis,  
Decurramus jejunium.

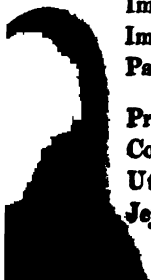
Utamur ergo parcius  
Verbis, cibus et potibus,  
Somno, jociis, et arctius  
Perstemus in custodiâ.

Intenta mens cupidinis  
Frœnet rebelles impetus ;  
Ne cordis arcem, janua  
Quâ se dat, hostis occupet.

Omnes ad aram cernuo  
Vultu precemur supplices ;  
Ploremus, atque vindicem  
Flectamus iram Numinis.

Judex tremende, nos premit  
Immensa moles criminum :  
Immensa, sed, clemens Pater,  
Parcendo vinces crimina.

Præsta, beata Trinitas,  
Concede, simplex Unitas,  
Ut fructuosa sint tuis  
Jejuniorum munera.



## HYMNUS 61.

SOLEMNE nos jejunii  
Nunc tempus ad planctum vocat:  
Plorat sacerdos, flebili  
Clamore templa personant.

Lugubris at frustra sonus  
Ad numen iratum venit,  
Ni corde pulsus intimo  
Sensum doloris exprimat.

Nil frontibus sparsus cinis  
Nil scissa vestis proderit,  
Ni fracta scindantur simul  
Vivo dolore pectora.

Vultum rigantes fletibus  
Flectamus iram Numinis,  
Quæ criminis nostri memor  
Intentat ultrices minas.

Oh juste iudex, oh Deus,  
Sis lentus ad pœnam, Pater,  
Das pœnitendi tempora,  
Et cor simul da pœnitens.

Præsta, beata Trinitas,  
Concede, simplex Unitas,  
Ut fructuosa sint tuis  
Jejuniorum munera.

## HYMNUS 62.

AUDI, benigne Conditor,  
Nostras preces cum fletibus,  
In hôc sacro jejunio  
Fusas quadrigenario.

Scrutator alme cordium,  
Infirma tu scis virium,  
Ad te reversis exhibe  
Remissionis gratiam.

Multùm quidem peccavimus,  
Sed parce confitentibus;  
Ad nominis laudem tui  
Confer medelam languidis.

Sic corpus extra conteri  
Dona per abstinentiam,  
Jejunet ut mens sobria  
A labe prorsus criminum.

Præsta, beata Trinitas,  
Concede, simplex Unitas,  
Ut fructuosa sint tuis  
Jejuniorum munera.

---

## HYMNUS 63.

FANDO quis audivit, Dei  
Quis grande dicat brachium ?  
Perculsa mens confunditur,  
Stupet fides, vox deficit.

Ab orbe, Jesu, condito  
Occisus agnus, nunc Patri  
Priscis adumbratam sacris  
Ardes litare Victimam.

At cur humi stratus jaces ?  
Quis iste mœrentes pavor ?  
Quis iste, qui totus fluit  
Sudor cruentus corpore ?

Hunc vis doloris exprimit,  
Horrorque teter criminum ;  
Vices nocentûm sustinens,  
Iram reformidas Patris

Te terret objectus calix ?  
At ille, ni totum bibas,  
In sempiterna nos manet  
Exhauriendus secula.

Vincet pavorem caritas :  
Vincet voluntas patria :  
Temet potestati Deus  
Tradis tenebrarum volens.



Et jam flagellis, ictibus,  
Ludibriis, spinis, cruci,  
Piacularis Hostia,  
Voves adorandum caput.

Qui Filium tradit, Patri  
Natoque sit laus victimæ,  
Par sit tibi laus, qui sacram  
Succendis aram, Spiritus.

---

## HYMNUS 64.

OPPROBRIIS, Jesu, satur,  
Ligni fatiscens pondere,  
Ferule, verus Isaac,  
Mactandus ascendis rogum.

Clavis statim trabalibus,  
Fixus manus, fixus pedes,  
Sublime terris omnibus  
Attolleris spectaculum.

In nos oh Eterni Patris  
Incomprehensa caritas!  
Insons cruentæ Filius  
Pro sontibus morti datur.

Illo lavari sanguine  
Oportuit mundi scelus;  
Talem severa Numinis  
Poscebat ira victimam.

CruX debitæ nos vinculo  
Damnationis eximit:  
Et pacis æterno ligat  
Terras polumque fœdere.

Qui Filium tradit, Patri,  
Natoque sit laus Victimæ;  
Par sit tibi laus, qui sacram  
Succendis aram, Spiritus.

---

## HYMNUS 65.

DUM Christe, confixus cruci  
Agis supremos spiritus,  
Fas nos salubri figere  
Intenta ligno lumina.

Anguis veneno perfidi  
Inflicta nobis vulnera  
Pendentis è celsâ trabe  
Sanabit aspectus Dei.

Hic nos Olympo parturis,  
Hic Martyres formas tuos,  
Hic ultimo sanctam fidem  
Fundas amoris pignore.

Hinc cuncta terrarum, suo  
Regnator ut sedens Throno  
Utrinque protensæ manûs  
Virtute divinâ trahis.

Nos ergo cœlestis thronum  
Sinās adire gratiæ,  
Pedemque complexos crucis  
Tuo rigari sanguine.

Oh spes salutis unica!  
Crux, vera mundi gloria,  
Infixa semper hæreas  
Imisque regnes cordibus.

Qui Filium tradit, Patri,  
Natoque sit laus Victimæ,  
Par sit tibi laus, qui sacram  
Succendis aram, Spiritus.

---

## HYMNUS 66.

VEXILLA regis prodeunt,  
Fulget crucis mysterium,  
Quo carne carnis conditor  
Suspensus est patibulo.

Confixa clavis viscera,  
Tendens manus vestigia,  
Redemptionis gratiâ  
Hic immolata est hostia.

Quo vulneratus insuper  
Mucrone diro lanceæ,  
Ut nos lavaret crimine,  
Manavit undâ et sanguine.

Oh crux ave, spes unica,  
Hôc passionis tempore  
Auge piis justitiam  
Reisque dona veniam.

Te summa Deus Trinitas  
Collaudat omnis Spiritus,  
Quos per crucis mysterium  
Salvas, rege per secula.

---

HYMNUS 67.

PROME vocem, mens, canoram,  
Plange tristi carmine,  
Dic crucifixi dolores  
Mortui dic vulnera,  
Innocens quæ sponte Christus  
Pro reis fert victima.

Cæsus immiti furore  
Nostra propter crimina,  
Nos suo livore sanat,  
Nos jacentes erigit :  
Et fovet plagas tumentes  
Et cruentas alligat.

Trans manus pedesque fixus,  
Nostra rumpit vincula ;  
Totque fontes sunt salutis,  
Quot fuit plagis cruor ;  
Et quibus clavis tenetur,  
Nos tenet fixos cruci.

Mortui pectus sacratum  
Vulneratur lanceâ ;  
Inde sanguis mistus undâ  
Fervidus prolabitur :  
Ad lavacrum præbet undam,  
Ad coronas sanguinem.

Fac, Redemptor, hauriamus  
His aquam de fontibus,  
Poculum sint ac medela,  
Sint et olim præmium ;  
Ut redemptus te per omne  
Laudet orbis seculum.

---

## HYMNUS 68.

ADESTE, Cœlitum Chori,  
Lætum canentes canticum,  
Dum liber inter mortuos  
Christus sepulcrum deserit.

Frustra sepulcro milites  
Apponit insanus furor ;  
Frustra specûs gens perfida  
Firmat sigillis ostia.

Inanis absistat metus :  
Hinc nemo corpus auferet :  
Sed vi reviviscet suâ  
Qui sponte mortem pertulit.

Ridebat hunc turpi trabe  
Vesana pendentem cohors :  
Descendat, inquit, et Deum  
Illi Patrem fatebimur.

At tu, paternis obsequens  
Ad usque mortem legibus,  
Orbem Sacerdos Victima  
Toto piabas sanguine.

Non ille descendit cruce ;  
Plus fecit ; ecce mortuus  
Se reddit ipse lumini :  
Deo satum jam credite.


Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,  
Qui nos triumphatâ nece,  
Ad astra secum dux vocat,  
Compar tibi laus, Spiritus.

---

HYMNUS 69.

AURORA cœlum purpurat,  
Æther resultat laudibus,  
Mundus triumphans jubilat,  
Horrens avernus infremit.

Rex ille dum fortissimus  
De mortis inferno specu  
Patrum Senatum liberum  
Educit ad vitæ jubar.



Cujus sepulcrum plurimo  
Custode signabat lapis,  
Victor triumphat, et suo  
Mortem sepulero funerat.

Sat funeri, sat lacrymis,  
Sat est datum doloribus,  
Surrexit Extinctor necis,  
Clamat coruscans angelus.

Ut sis perenne, mentibus  
Paschale, Jesu, gaudium,  
A morte dirâ criminum  
Vitæ renatos libera.

---

HYMNUS 70.

FORTI tegente brachio  
Evasimus rubrum mare,  
Tandemque durum perfidi  
Jugum Tyranni fregimus.

Nunc ergo lætas vindici  
Grates rependamus Deo,  
Agnique mensam candidis  
Cingamus ornati stolis.

Hujus sacrato corpore  
Amoris igne fervidi,  
Vescamur atque sanguine  
Vescendo, vivimus Deo.

Jam Paschâ nostrum Christus est ;  
Hic Agnus, hæc est Victima :  
Cruore cujus illitos  
Transmittit ultor Angelus.

Oh digna cœlo Victima !  
Mors ipsa per quam vincitur :  
Per quam refractis Inferi  
Prædam relaxant postibus.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,  
Qui nos triumphatâ, nece,  
Ad astra secum dux vocat :  
Compar tibi laus, Spiritus.


---

### HYMNUS 71.

SALUTIS humanæ Sator,  
Jesu voluptas cordium,  
Orbis redempti Conditor,  
Et casta lux amantium ;

Quâ victus es clementiâ  
Ut nostra ferres crimina ?  
Mortem subires innocens,  
A morte nos ut tolleres.

Perrumpis infernum chaos,  
Vinctis catenas detrahis ;  
Victor triumpho nobili  
Ad dexteram Patris sedes.





Te cogat indulgentia,  
Ut damna nostra sarcinas;  
Tuique vultûs compotes  
Dites beato lumine.

Tu Dux ad astra, et semita,  
Sis meta nostris cordibus,  
Sis lacrymarum gaudium,  
Sis dulce vitæ præmium.

---

HYMNUS 72.

Opus peregisti tuum,  
Te Christe, victorem necis,  
Æterna, quam reliqueras  
Cœli reposcit gloria.

Jam nube vectus fulgidâ  
Terras jacentes despicias:  
Educta longo carcere  
Regem sequuntur agmina.

Mirante turmâ Cœlitum  
Panduntur æternæ fores:  
Ovansque sublimem Patris  
Homo Deus scandit Thronum.

Illic patronus, Pontifex,  
Pacis sequester, quem tua  
Semel profudit caritas  
Offerre pergis sanguinem.

Illinc adornas et foves  
Ecclesiam sponsam tuam;  
Cunctisque vitam dividis  
Infusa ceu mens artubus.

Illinc tot inter prælia  
Periclitantem sustines:  
Das militanti vincere,  
Palmam triumphanti paras.

Qui victor ad cœlum redis,  
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,  
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,  
In sempiterna secula.


---

## HYMNUS 73.

Jesu, nostra redemptio,  
Amor et desiderium,  
Deus creator omnium,  
Homo in fine temporum.

Quæ te vicit clementia,  
Ut ferres nostra crimina,  
Crudelem mortem patiens  
Ut nos à morte tolleres!

Inferni claustra penetrans,  
Tuos captivos redimens,  
Victor triumpho nobili  
Ad dextram Patris residens



Ipsa te cogat pietas  
Ut mala nostra superes  
Parcendo, et voti compotes  
Nos tuo vultu saties.

Tu esto nostrum gaudium,  
Qui es futurus præmium,  
Sit nostra in te gloria,  
Per cuncta semper secula.

---

## HYMNUS 74.

FELIX dies mortalibus,  
Quâ per profusum sanguinem  
Homo Deus clausas diu  
Intravit æternas domos.

Nos membra, quo nostrum caput  
Quo Dux præivit ibimus :  
Si jungat una mens simul  
Nos una jungat gloria.

Discessit, et suis adest  
Præsentem semper Spiritu :  
Miscens suo se corpori  
Omnes in artus influit.

At illa, quæ qualis dies !  
Dies tremenda sontibus !  
Dum sede descendens suâ  
Redibit ultor criminum.

Damnatus insons à reis  
Partes resumet Judicis :  
Ad cujus ora contremet  
Dijudicandi Judices.

Ut morte dignos solveret  
Morti volens se subdidit :  
Cui mors Dei non proderit,  
Vindicta qualis imminet !

Venture Judex seculi,  
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,  
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,  
In sempiterna secula.


---

HYMNUS 75.

SENSUS quis horror percutit ?  
Cælum profundum scinditur :  
Christum sedentem nubibus  
Hinc inde stipant agmina.

Feralis ad sonum tubæ  
Mors jussa reddit mortuos :  
Quos ad tribunal Judicis  
Urgent coactos angeli.

Ad Judicis sedent latus,  
Quicunque spretis omnibus,  
Fugere mundum pauperes,  
Deum secuti pauperem.



Crux ante Judæis probrum,  
Ludibrium Crux Gentibus,  
Terror reis, probis amor,  
Summo micabit æthere.

Fixere quem diræ trabi,  
Cernent, pavebunt, ingement;  
Vultu beabit quo suos  
Hôc territabit impios.

Fac, Christe, ne mores bonos  
Contage mundus inquinet:  
Secerne nos ab improbis,  
Ne misceamur sontibus.

Venture Judex seculi  
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,  
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,  
In sempiterna secula.

---

HYMNUS 76.

Nobis Olympos redditus,  
Qui, Christe, sedes præparas,  
Nos exules in patriam,  
Trahas amoris nexibus.

Bonis abundans omnibus,  
Ingens eris merces, Deus:  
Quàm longa pro pœnâ brevi  
Tuos manebunt gaudia.

Tunc ore nudo qualis es  
Quantusque te videbimus :  
Amabimus te jugiter,  
Te jugiter laudabimus.

Si quos amas non deseris,  
Nostræ salutis obsidem,  
Mittas ab altis sedibus,  
Qui nos adoptet, Spiritum.

Venture Judex seculi,  
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,  
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,  
In sempiterna secula.

---

## HYMNUS 77.

OH Christe, qui noster poli  
Præcursor intras regiam,  
Quos hic jacentes respicis,  
Sursùm voca, sursum rape.

Ad illa fac nos currere  
Amore casto gaudia,  
Terrena quæ non mens capit,  
Quæ sola perspicit fides.

Ubi laborum præmium  
Dat ipse se suis Deus :  
Et ut beatos expleat,  
In omnibus fit omnia.

Qui nos ad istam gratiâ  
Ducat potenti gloriam,  
Tu de supernis sedibus  
Da, Christe, nobis Spiritum.

Qui Patris ad dextram sedes,  
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,  
Cum Patre cumque Spiritu,  
In sempiterna secula.

---

HYMNUS 78.

SUPREME Rector cœlitum,  
Qui morte devictâ potens  
Cruore signatam tuo  
Ad astra pandis semitam!

Alto benignus è Throno  
Et Patris almi dexterâ  
Quos hic relinquis orphanos,  
Non intueri desinas.

Partâ tuis laboribus  
Jam tu potiris gloriâ:  
Nunc hora: promissum Patris  
Nunc mitte nobis Spiritum..

Qui Patris ad dextram sedes,  
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,  
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,  
In sempiterna secula.

## HYMNUS 79.

Veni, superne Spiritus,  
Purgata Christi sanguine  
Tuique terra jam capax  
Expandit arentes sinus.

Christi petentis æthera  
Exsolve promissam fidem:  
Et nostra præsens igneo  
Munda lavacro pectora.

Lugemus amissum Patrem:  
Te nostra tangat orbitas,  
Solare mœstos; anxiis  
Spem redde, qui solus potes.

Olim per umbras vatibus  
Retecta paucis veritas  
Nunc orbe toto dissitis  
Per te patescat gentibus.

Divina jam nos unctio  
Informet omnes: hactenus  
Mutis aratam literis  
Inscribe legem cordibus.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,  
Utrumque qui nectis, Deus  
Utrique compar, sit tibi  
Decus perenne, Spiritus.



HYMNUS 80.

AUDIMUR ; almo Spiritus  
 Descendit è sinu Patris  
 Ægrisque fert mortalibus  
 Promissa cœli munera.

Quot proditur miraculis  
 Præsentis adventus Dei !  
 Jam tota sublimi domus  
 Repente flatu personat.

Puro caducus æthere  
 Candentis ad linguæ modum,  
 In considentûm verticem  
 Ignitus imber depluit.

Quæ flamma summas alluit  
 Innoxio tactu comas,  
 Hæc gliscit arcanis simul  
 In pectus et mentem viis.

Stupente turbâ gentium  
 Linguis loquuntur omnibus :  
 Vatum crepant oracula :  
 Quidquid profantur, ignis est.

Inter profundum, Spiritus  
 In audientes irruit :  
 Instructa quo passim nova  
 Surgit Prophetarum seges.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,  
Par sit tibi laus, Spiritus,  
Afflante quo mentes sacris  
Lucent et ardent ignibus.

---

## HYMNUS 81.

✓ VENI, Creator Spiritus,  
Mentes tuorum visita,  
Imple supernâ gratiâ  
Quæ tu creâsti pectora.

✓ Qui Paracletus diceris,  
Donum, Dei altissimi,  
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,  
Et Spiritualis unctio.

✓ Tu septiformis munere  
Dextræ Dei tu digitus,  
Tu rite promissum Patris  
Sermone ditans guttura.

✓ Accende lumen sensibus,  
Infunde amorem cordibus,  
Infirma nostri corporis  
Virtute firmans perpeti.

✓ Hostem repellas longius,  
Pacemque dones protinus:  
Ductore sic te prævio  
Vitemus omne noxium.

Per te sciamus da Patrem.  
Noscamus atque Filium,  
Te utriusque Spiritum,  
Credamus omni tempore.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,  
Par sit tibi laus, Spiritus,  
Afflante quo mentes sacris  
Lucent et ardent ignibus.

---

HYMNUS 82.

TER sancte, ter potens Deus!  
Incomprehensa Trinitas!  
Oh lux perennis! propriis  
Oh tu beata gaudiis!

Te densa circum nubila,  
Te circum inaccessum jubar,  
Quod intus ardent angeli  
Circùm tremantes cernere.

Te confitetur in tuo  
Plebes renata nomine;  
Firmaque prælibat fide  
Amor quod ambit præmium.

Da posse quod jubes, Pater,  
Da scire, Fili, quod doces,  
Fac corde toto, Spiritus,  
Nos velle quod probas bonum.

Præsta, Pater piissime,  
Patrique compar unice,  
Sancto simul cum Spiritu,  
Regnans per omne seculum.

---

## HYMNUS 83.

Oh luce quæ tuâ lates  
Beata semper Trinitas,  
Te confitemur, credimus,  
Pioque corde quærimus.

Oh sancte sanctorum Pater,  
Oh nate de Deo Deus!  
Oh caritatis vinculum,  
Jungens utrumque Spiritus!

Est totus in nato Pater,  
In Patre totus Filius,  
Natoque plenus ac Patre  
Inest utrique Spiritus.

Quod Natus est, hoc Spiritus  
Hoc est uterque quod Pater:  
Tres una summa veritas,  
Tres una summa caritas.

Æterna Patri, gloria,  
Natoque sit cum Spiritu,  
Qui vivit et regnat Deus,  
In sæculorum secula.

## HYMNI 84.

Quos in hostes, Saule, tendis,  
Quo furore percitus ?  
Immolare quid tot ardes  
Innocentes victimas ?  
Insequendo quem lacessis,  
Senties mox vindicem.

Christus instat, impotentem  
Cæcat, urget, dejicit :  
Ille cedit imperanti,  
Seque totum subjicit,  
Insecutor ante Christi,  
Præco Christum personat.

Ante plenus qui minarum  
Præparabat vincula,  
Nunc tremens, nec jam rebellis,  
Per manus deducitur :  
Qui lupus rapax furebat,  
Nunc in agnum vertitur.

Dura, Christe, quam potenti  
Corda versas dexterâ !  
Qui tuum delere nomen  
Vult tuorum sanguine,  
Universum mox per orbem  
Ipse clarabit suo.

Sit suprema laus Parenti,  
Qui creavit omnia :  
Filioque qui redemit  
Morte nos volens suâ,  
Par et illi, cujus almo  
Confovemur Spiritu.

---


## HYMNUS 85.

PASTORE percusso, minas  
Spirabat et cædes lupus :  
Sparsumque vastabat gregem,  
Te, Christe, Saulus nesciens.

Et jam catenas stringere  
Ferox parabat, jam cruces,  
Sed Oh, repente sternitur,  
Verboque percussus ruit.

Ex hoste miles, ex lupo  
Agnus, gregi se devovet :  
Et raptor ipse nobili  
Raptus triumpho ducitur.

Oh celsa cedrorum, Deus,  
Qui voce vertis culmina,  
Oh qui potenti subjicis  
Mentes superbas gratiâ ;



Tu, Pastor, infensas tuo  
Vires ovili contere :  
Et nostra, si quid devium,  
Ad te reflecte pectora.

Uni sit et trino Deo  
Suprema laus, summum decus,  
De nocte qui nos ad suæ  
Lumen vocavit gloriæ.

---

HYMNUS 86.

SUPREME quales Arbiter  
Tibi ministros eligis !  
Tuas opes qui vilibus  
Vasis amas committere.

Hæc nempe plena lumine  
Tu vasa frangi præcipis :  
Lux inde magna rumpitur,  
Ceum, nube scissâ, fulgura.

Christum sonant : versæ ruunt  
Arces superbæ Dæmonum :  
Circùm tubis clangentibus,  
Sic versa quondam mœnia.

Fac, Christe, cœlestes tubæ  
Somno graves nos excitent :  
Accensa de te lumina  
Pellant tenebras mentium.

Uni sit et trino Deo  
Suprema laus, summum decus,  
De nocte qui nos ad suæ  
Lumen vocavit gloriæ.

## HYMNUS 87.

CÆLESTIS aulæ principes,  
Sacri duces exercitûs,  
Bissena mundi lumina,  
Olim futuri iudices;

Mersis gravi caligine  
Per vos dies renascitur:  
Quos vanus error luserat,  
Illustrat alma veritas.

Non vi, nec armis militum,  
Fandi nec ullis artibus,  
Verbo sed irrisæ crucis  
Christo rebelles subditis.

Vulgata terris omnibus  
Per vos Dei mysteria:  
Sic vestra terris omnibus  
Præclara facta personant.

Uni sit et trino Deo  
Suprema laus, summum decus,  
De nocte qui nos ad suæ  
Lumen vocavit gloriæ.



## HYMNUS 88.

QUEM misit in terras Deus,  
Ut morte nos servet suâ,  
Amoris hic fidos sui  
Vos eligit vicarios.

Occisus agnus à lupis  
Vos misit agnos ad lupos:  
Mores ferinos exuunt,  
Agni repente de lupis.

Quæ victimarum cædibus  
Tellus madebat impiis,  
Vestris eam sudoribus  
Vestro piâstis sanguine.

Hôc rore facta pinguior  
Quot illa fructus protulit!  
Quæ, quanta surrexit seges!  
Et ista nos seges sumus.

Quam si bonus respexeris,  
Qui das rigatis crescere,  
Frumenta nos cœlestibus  
Matura condēs horreis.

Uni sit et trino Deo  
Suprema laus, summum decus,  
De nocte qui nos ad suæ  
Lumen vocavit gloriæ.

## HYMNUS 89.

PULSUM supernis sedibus,  
Umbris tot annos obsitum,  
Cœlestis ignarum viæ,  
Errabat humanum genus.

Cœlestis en Rex curiæ,  
Ut monstret ad cœlum viam  
Secumque ducat exules,  
Se sponte fecit exulem.

Se deviis præbet ducem,  
Vires dat ambulanti-  
bus :  
Est ipse quâ ducit via,  
Quo ducit, ipse terminus.

Deus, suprema Veritas,  
Umbrata velo corporis,  
Puris videnda mentibus  
Lustra tuo nos lumine.

Mundo redemptor qui venis,  
Fili, tibi laus maxima,  
Cum Patre, nec tibi minor  
Laus, utriusque Spiritus.

---

## HYMNUS 90.

HÆC illa sollemnis dies,  
Dies salutis nuntia,  
Quâ missa terris tristibus  
Venere cœlo gaudia.

Unius omnes crimine  
Casu gravi lapsi sumus :  
Ut ipse lapsos erigat,  
Descendit in terras Deus.

Qui Patris æterno sinu  
Æterna proles nascitur,  
Obnoxius fit tempori  
Sinum nec horret Virginis.

Mortale corpus induit,  
Orbi piando victimam,  
Ut innocenti sanguine  
Scelus nocentum diluat.

Qui cuncta complet numine  
Nostros se in artus colligit :  
Ut nos reducat ad Deum,  
Est ipse nobiscum Deus.

Mundo redemptor qui venis,  
Fili, tibi laus maxima,  
Cum Patre, nec tibi minor  
Laus, utriusque Spiritus.

## HYMNUS 91.

SINÆ sub alto vertice  
Cœlo tonante, lex data:  
Inter tubas et fulgura  
Præsens minabatur Deus.

Nunc temperato numine  
Per vela carnis blandiùs  
Amat videri, languidis  
Se lumen aptans sensibus.

Insculpta saxo lex vetus  
Præcepta, non vires dabat:  
Inscripta cordi lex nova  
Dat posse quidquid imperat.

Scriptistis hanc fidâ manu,  
Hanc voce, voci consonis  
Hanc prædicâstis moribus,  
Signâstis hanc et sanguine.

Afflante Divo Spiritu  
Quæ verba vitæ traditis,  
Hæc ille nostris imprimat  
Delenda nunquam cordibus.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,  
Qui nos, triumphatâ nece,  
Ad astra secum dux vocat,  
Compar tibi laus, Spiritus.

## HYMNUS 92.

CHRISTI perennes nuntii,  
Retecta qui cœlestibus  
Scriptis Dei mysteria  
Totum per orbem spargitis.

Olim sub umbris condita  
Vates sacri quæ viderant,  
Umbris procul cedentibus,  
Vidistis hæc pleno die.

Humana quæ tulit Deus,  
Divina quæ gessit Homo,  
Seris legenda posteris  
Dictante scripsistis Deo.

Loco remotos, tempore  
Vos rexit idem Spiritus;  
Vestris adhuc in paginis  
Nobis loqui non desinit.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,  
Qui nos, triumphatâ nece,  
Ad astra secum dux vocat,  
Compar tibi laus Spiritus.

---

## HYMNUS 93.

PRÆDICTA Christi mors adest,  
At vos timori parcite :  
Nil inde, nil caros pius  
Remittet in fratres amor.


Durate fortes : irritos  
Mundi tumultus spernite :  
Deo volente, turbini  
Serena succedet dies.

Cœli perenne gaudium  
Solabitur luctus breves :  
Brevem triumphum seculi  
Æternus obruet dolor.

Qui carne frater in suo  
Mortem peremit corpore,  
Divinitatis vos suæ  
Dignabitur consortio.

Da, Christe, nos tecum mori,  
Tecum simul da surgere :  
Terrena da contemnere,  
Amare da cœlestia.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,  
Qui nos, triumphatâ nece,  
Ad astra secum dux vocat ;  
Compar tibi laus, Spiritus.



## HYMNUS 94.

DUM morte victor obrutâ  
Ab inferis Christus redit,  
Vos pangimus, diræ necis  
Vitæque testes redditæ.

Vobis datum præ ceteris  
Latus magistri cingere ;  
Vobis futuræ sedulus  
Arcana credit gloriæ.

At ille privatim suæ  
Dum nuntiat probrum necis,  
Cur horret humanus nimis  
Qui decipit sensus, amor ?

Oportuit Christum pati,  
Qui postea resurgeret :  
Illinc homo verus patet,  
Hinc se probat verè Deum.

Illos magister qui doces  
Tu, Christe, tu nos erudi :  
Si quid latet, tu detege,  
Amare da quod jam patet.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,  
Qui nos, triumphatâ nece,  
Ad astra secum dux vocat ;  
Compar tibi laus, Spiritus.

## HYMNUS 95.

NATUS parenti redditus  
Non vos amicos deseret :  
Sub imbre lapsum flammeo  
Infundet in vos spiritum.

Hausto repleti numine,  
Terras in omnes liberi  
Christum tubis cœlestibus  
Christum Deum vulgabitis.

Non jam tenebit amplius  
Formido mortis abditos :  
Aperta non euntibus  
Addent moras pericula.

Vos ante Reges fortiter  
Spernetis armatas neces :  
Hæc nempe pro Christo mori  
Suprema vobis gloria.

Orate firma sit Fides,  
Et certa se Spes erigat,  
Illapsa vestris cordibus  
Pellat timorem Caritas.

Sit laus Patri, laus Filio,  
Qui nos, triumphatâ nece,  
Ad astra secum dux vocat ;  
Compar tibi laus, Spiritus.



## HYMNUS 96.

CHRISTE, qui sedes Olympo,  
Par Deo Patri Deus,  
Quem tremiscunt intuendo  
Puriores Spiritus,  
Da choris junctos supernis  
Ore puro psallere.

Inter omnes fulguranti  
Ense victor emicat,  
Qui draconis insolentem  
Contudit ferociam,  
De polo trusit rebellem  
In profunda Tartara.

Tu decore vincis omnes,  
Alitum pulcherrime,  
Assides Deo propinquus,  
Consilii tu particeps;  
Astra claudis et recludis,  
Nosque sistis Judici.

Te tremendo poscat æger  
Mortis in luctamine,  
Advolantis efficacem  
Sentiet præsentiam:  
Corporis vinclis solutum  
Mox ad astra transferes.

Sit suprema laus Parenti,  
Qui creavit omnia :  
Filioque qui redemit  
Morte nos volens suâ ;  
Par et illi, cujus almo  
Confovemur halitu.

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## HYMNUS 97.

SPOUSA Christi, quæ per orbem  
Militas, Ecclesia,  
Prome cantus, et sacratos  
Dic triumphos cœlitum.

Hæc dies cunctus dicata  
Mixta cœli gaudiis,  
Læta currat, et solemni,  
Personet melodiâ.

Laureatum ducit agmen,  
Natus ille Virgine,  
Morte qui suâ redemit,  
Morte nos ab ultimâ.

Mox sequuntur Angelorum,  
Administri Spiritus,  
Siderumque conditori  
Mille laudes concinunt.

Principes sacri senatûs,  
Orbis almi iudices,  
Sedibus sedent sublimes,  
Facta pendent omnium.

Prodigi vitæ, cruore  
Purpurati Martyres,  
Auspicati morte vitam  
Pace gaudent perpeti.

Turba sacra confidentum  
Cum Levitis præsules,  
Seculi luxu rejecto  
Perfruuntur gloriâ.

Omnibus sors hæc beata,  
Gloriam Deo dare : -  
Ter potentem confiteri,  
Terque sanctum dicere.

Cœlites, Oh vos beati,  
Quos Deus felicitat :  
Pace nostris in diebus  
Det Deus nos perfrui ;

Nos Deo cum sanctitate  
Serviamus subditi :  
Gloriæ posthâc futuri  
Quam tenetis, compotes.

## HYMNUS 98.

JESU, Sacerdotum Decus,  
In hâc die, quâ gloriâ  
Sanctum coronas Præsulem,  
Votis adesto supplicum.

Sui probatus præmium  
Amoris, et pignus tui,  
A Patre traditos tibi  
Accepit agnos pascere.

Hos novit, et præit vocans  
In tuta quemque pascua :  
Victumque præbet : audiunt,  
Sequuntur et vivunt oves.

Quam sentit errantem jugis,  
Hanc nocte quærit et die :  
Et gaudet inventam suo  
Portans ovili reddere.

Arcet frementes bestias,  
Lupi retundit impetus,  
Dolosque fallit, vel mori  
Caro paratus pro grege.

Supreme Christe Pontifex,  
Jugis tibi sit gloria,  
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,  
In sempiterna secula.

## HYMNUS 99.

SUMMI pusillus grex Patris,  
Timore mentem solvite :  
Sui paternus vos amor  
Vult esse regni compotes.

En regnat inter cœlites  
Qui vixit olim seculo  
Ignotus, exosus sibi,  
Qui pauper, et sciens pati.

Angusta pœnitentiæ  
Ingressus, et viam crucis,  
Per dura Christum prælia,  
Per damna non timet sequi.

Carnem terit jejuniis,  
Linguam domat silentio,  
In pauperum, parcus sibi,  
Abscondit et spargit sinu.

Saporem verbi pascitur,  
Totoque legem pectore  
Scrutatus, orat pervigil,  
Mens celsa versatur polo.

Hâc surgit ad cœlum viâ,  
Et nos eâdem, da Pater,  
Da Nate, da cum Spiritu,  
Ad te venire semitâ.

## HYMNUS 100.

Non parta solo sanguine  
Ornat beatos purpura :  
Sunt incruenta, quæ suos  
Habent triumphos, prælia.

Non iste flammas, non cruces  
Non sensit unctos pectines ;  
Crudelis, et durus sibi  
Se morte lentâ conficit.

Si lictor illi defuit,  
Si vincla, fustes, ungulæ,  
Parata pro Christo mori  
Hoc supplet omne caritas.

Corpus subegit castitas,  
Et liberam mentem fides,  
Amor supernis ignibus  
Totam litavit hostiam.

Venis apertis omnibus,  
Qui vellet ultro erumpere,  
Fraudatus optatâ viâ,  
It fusus in fletum cruor.

Da, Christe, sic nos vivere,  
Discamus ut semper mori :  
Da post brevis vitæ dies  
Vitæ perennis gaudia.

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Æterne tu Verbi Pater,  
Æterne Fili par Patri,  
Et par utrique Spiritus,  
Tibi, Deus, sit gloria.

---

## HYMNUS 101.

QUI te, Deus, sub intimo  
Amans recepit pectore,  
Non ille terras amplius  
Suspirat, oblitus sui.

Quid ergo gaudes nectere  
Tristes moras amantibus:  
Terris retardas exules  
Cives polo quos destinas?

Hinc fervet in dies amor,  
In vota toti diffluunt:  
Ad astra festinantibus  
Fit poena vita longior.

Vix iste tardi corporis  
Pondus molestum sustinet:  
Præ mortis occupat diem,  
Ardens Deo se jungere.

Æterne tu Verbi Pater,  
Æterne Fili par Patri,  
Et par utrique Spiritus,  
Tibi, Deus, sit gloria.

## HYMNUS 102.

OH Virgo, pectus cui sacrum  
Amoris expers improbi  
Intus suis ardoribus  
Sanctus perussit Spiritus.

Non te voluptas dulcibus  
Fallax venenis molliit :  
Solas amantem persequi  
Cœlestis agni nuptias.

Sic ille natus Virgine  
Suo decore ceperat,  
Ut ejus ardens ignibus  
Mundana cuncta temneres.

Beata cui nunc, cœlitum  
Inter canentium choros  
Cœlo licet perennibus  
Sponsi potiri gaudiis.

Æterne sponse Virginum,  
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,  
Cum Patre, cumque Spiritu,  
In sempiterna secula.

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## HYMNUS 103.

ARDET Deo quæ fœmina,  
Latere frustra cogitat;  
Quot indigos hæc sublevat,  
Tot proditur præconibus.

Prodesse quærit omnibus  
Curis honestis anxia:  
Patrona custos Virginum,  
Secunda mater orphanis.

Pannis latentem vilibus  
Christum fovebat hospitem,  
Quas dura subtraxit sibi  
Opes refundit prodiga.

Pacem domi, pacem foris,  
Alto colit silentio:  
Lites amat componere,  
Ut una mens sit omnibus.

Æterne tu Verbi Pater,  
Æterne Fili par Patri,  
Et par utrique Spiritus,  
Tibi, Deus, sit gloria.

---

## HYMNUS 104.

Oh jam beata, quæ suo  
Tandem soluta corpore,  
Vinculis perennioribus  
Uni Deo conjungitur!

Per quos gradus cœlum petit,  
Hâc ire vos omnes jubet,  
Junctæ jugali vinculo,  
Et vos solutæ conjuges.

Insignis et nos fœminæ  
Sequi decet vestigia,  
Magnum vel ipsis quæ fuit  
Virtutis exemplum viris.

Queis arsit illa, fac, Deus,  
Flagremus et nos ignibus:  
Eoque quo te vis coli,  
Amore fac mens te colat.

Æterne tu Verbi Pater,  
Æterne Fili, par Patri,  
Et par utrique Spiritus,  
Tibi, Deus, sit gloria.

---

## HYMNUS 105.

URBS Jerusalem beata  
Dicta pacis visio,  
Quæ construitur in cœlis  
Vivis ex lapidibus,  
Et ovantûm coronata  
Angelorum agmine!

Nova veniens è cœlo  
Nuptiali thalamo,  
Præparata ut sponsata  
Copuletur Domino;  
Plateæ et muri ejus  
Ex auro purissimo.

Portæ nitent margaritis,  
Adytis patentibus:  
Et virtute meritorum  
Illuc introducitur,  
Omnis qui ob Christi nomen  
Hic in mundo premitur.

Tusionibus, pressuris,  
Expoliti lapides,  
Suis coaptantur locis  
Per manus artificis,  
Disponuntur permansuri  
Sacris ædificiis.

Sit perennis laus Parenti,  
Sit perennis Filio,  
Laus tibi, qui nectis ambos  
Sit perennis, Spiritus :  
Chrisma cujus nos inungens  
Viva templa consecrat.


---

## HYMNUS 106.

ANGULARIS fundamentum  
Lapis Christus missus est,  
Qui parietum compage  
In utroque nectitur :  
Quem Sion sancta suscepit,  
In quo credens permanet.

Omnis illa Deo sacra  
Et dilecta civitas,  
Plena modulis in laude  
Et canore jubilo :  
Trinum Deum unicunque  
Cum fervore prædicat.

Hôc in templo, summe Deus,  
Exoratus adveni,  
Et clementi bonitate  
Precum vota suscipe :  
Largam benedictionem  
Hic infunde jugiter.



Hic promereantur omnes  
Et petita acquirere,  
Et adepta possidere  
Cum sanctis perenniter :  
Paradisum introire  
Translati in requiem.

Sit perennis laus Parenti  
Sit perennis Filio :  
Laus tibi, qui nectis ambos  
Sit perennis, Spiritus,  
Chrisma cujus nos inungens  
Viva templa consecrat.

---

HYMNUS 107.

DIES iræ, dies illa,  
Crucis expandens vexilla,  
Solvat seclum in favillâ.

Quantus tremor est futurus,  
Quando Judex est venturus,  
Cuncta stricte discussurus !

Tuba mirum spargens sonum,  
Per sepulcra regionum,  
Coget omnes ante Thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura,  
Cum resurget creatura,  
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,  
In quo totum continetur,  
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,  
Quidquid latet apparebit,  
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tum dicturus,  
Quem patronum rogaturus,  
Cum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis,  
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,  
Solve me, fons pietatis.

Recordare, Jesu pie,  
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ,  
Ne me perdas illâ die.

Quærens me, sedisti lassus,  
Redemisti, crucem passus,  
Tantus labor ne sit cassus.

Juste Judex ultionis,  
Donum fac remissionis,  
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco, tanquam reus,  
Culpâ rubet vultus meus,  
Supplici parce, Deus.

Peccatricem absolvisti,  
Et latronem audivisti,  
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,  
Sed tu bonus fac benignè,  
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum præsta,  
Et ab hædis me sequestra,  
Statuens in parte dextrâ.

Confutatis maledictis,  
Flammis acribus addictis,  
Voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex et acclinis,  
Cor contritum quasi cinis,  
Gere curam mei finis.

Lacrymosa dies illa,  
Quâ resurget ex favillâ,  
Judicandus homo reus,

Huic ergo parce, Deus!  
Pie Jesu, Domine,  
Dona eis requiem.

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## HYMNUS 108.

TE Deum Patrem colimus,  
Te laudibus prosequimur :  
Qui corpus cibo reficis,  
Cœlesti mentem gratiâ.

Te adoramus, oh Jesu,  
Te Fili unigenite,  
Te qui non dedignatus es  
Subire claustra virginis.

Actus in crucem, factus es  
Irato Deo Victima :  
Per te, Salvator unice,  
Vitæ spes nobis rediit.

Tibi, Æterne Spiritus,  
Cujus afflatu peperit  
Infantem Deum Maria,  
Æternum benedicimus.

Triune Deus, hominum  
Salutis auctor optime,  
Immensum hoc mysterium  
Ovante linguâ canimus.

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